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THE PENNY

AUGUST 26, 1905.

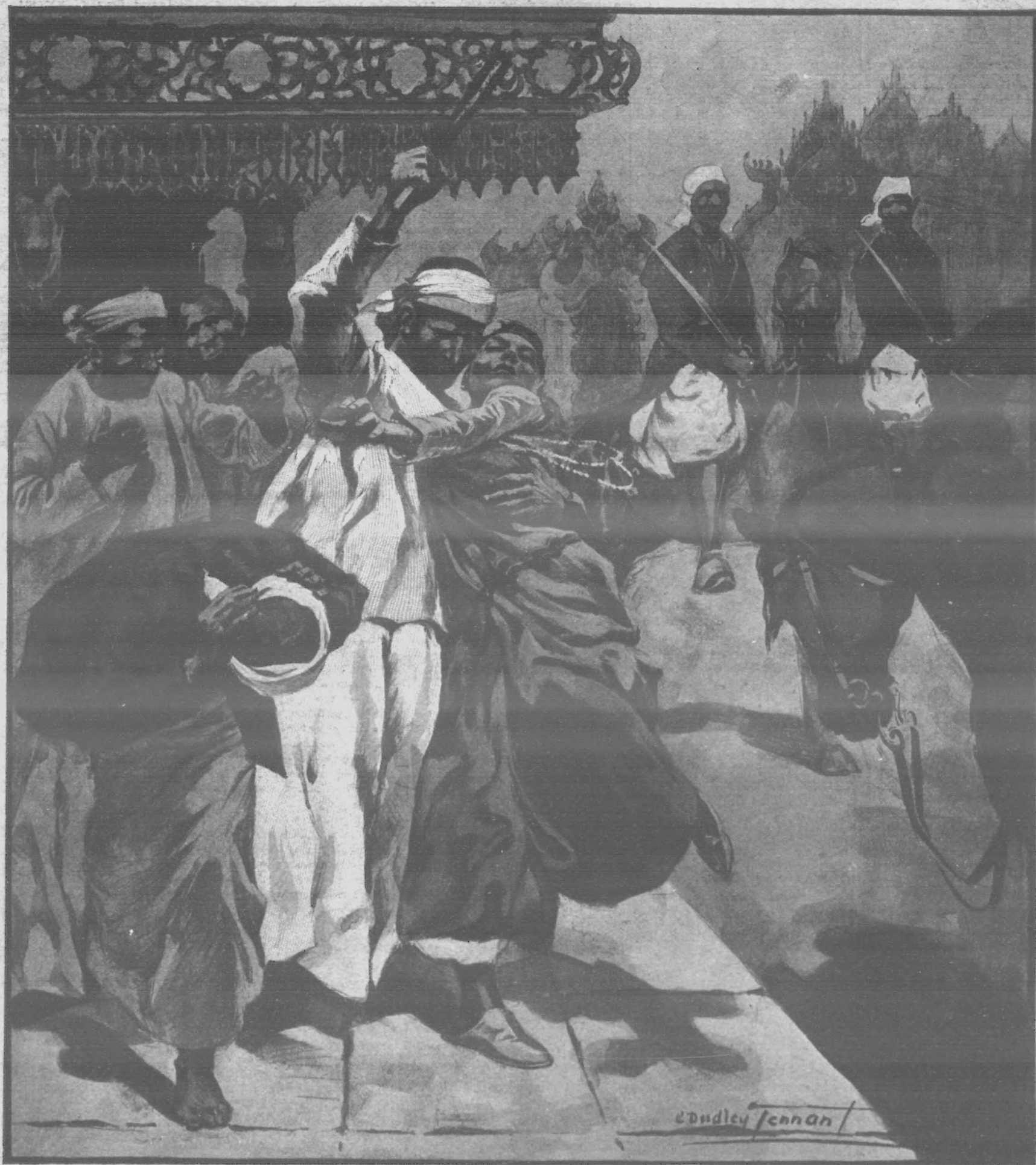
ILLUSTRATED PAPER

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The New Viceroy. The King on His Holidays. Souvenir Portraits of the Last Test Match. All the News of the Week in Pictures.



A STOLEN HEIRESS.

The daughter of Maung Ohn Gine, C.I.E., the richest and most respected of the merchant princes of Rangoon, Burma, has been abducted by a previously rejected suitor as she was leaving the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Fiercely attacking the servants with a lathi, a thick stick studded with nails, the young lover soon fought his way to their young mistress. Lifting her easily with one hand, he cleared a path with his stick to a carriage he had in waiting, and, lightly springing into the vehicle, shouted to the driver to whip up his horses. Twenty mounted men, armed with swords and guns, dispersed the crowd which had collected, and, placing themselves on either side of the carriage, galloped away to the north of the city, where a great jungle gave immediate shelter to the fugitives.

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Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.
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"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet*.
"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—*SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*
For...
INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.
Purveyors by Special Appointment to
H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE LAST FEW DAYS

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE NEW VICEROY.

Gilbert John Elliot, fourth Earl of Minto, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Curzon, is the great grandson of the Lord Minto who was Viceroy of India from 1807 to 1813.

The present Earl was born on July 9, 1845, and succeeded to the title in

General of Canada, which position he held till last year. During his viceroyalty he received the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visited the Dominion; and it will now fall to his lot to welcome them in India.

SOME GOOD IN THE ARMY.

We have become so sick of late of hearing nothing of our army and its administration but what was bad, that it is with relief we are able this week to chronicle a really useful piece of work on the part of the troops under Sir John French at Aldershot during the manoeuvres which have just concluded.

The divisional training has been set to a scheme of England invaded, in which the temporary command of the home seas had been lost. The scheme has been continuous for all the divisions, each of whom has had to solve a strategic task in retarding the enemy pending the re-establishment of fleet supremacy.

In each case the troops marched from Aldershot and neighbourhood to the selected ground, and when night fell they were moved out, and, covered by a strong line of outposts, threw up splendid lines of entrenchment. Silently and without lights the men delved, and with the dawn each division lay in cover with a clear field of fire, and the newly-turned earth concealed with turf and brushwood.

The guns and limbers were literally buried, and only a bare inch of muzzle, well screened with tree branches, peeped from the pits. In front of the trenches the engineers laid a network of wire entanglements, stretched over deeply-dug holes. At dawn Sir John French inspected each division in its position, and subsequently sent troops against the lines held.



Photo, Senegran, Cairo.

Lord Kitchener, whose drastic schemes for reform in the Indian Army have been the immediate cause of the resignation of Lord Curzon.

1891. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge.

At Cambridge he won the Third Trinity mile, and took his degree with a riding costume concealed beneath his academic gown. At the conclusion of the ceremony he galloped ten miles, and arrived on the ground just in time to win the University Steeplechase.

He rode five times in the Grand National, obtained deathless fame among surgeons by breaking his neck and refusing to die, and won the French Grand National in a field of eighteen, while at a Lincoln Spring Meeting he was first past the post in six races.

He had an adventurous disposition, helped to extinguish burning Paris after the Commune, and was mysteriously implicated with the Carlists on the Spanish frontier.

He entered the Army as a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, and served in Kurram Valley, in the Afghan campaign of 1879, being awarded the medal. He accompanied Lord Roberts to South Africa as private secretary in 1881; served in the mounted infantry in the Egyptian campaign, and from 1883 to 1885 was military secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Lansdowne.

In 1898 he was appointed Governor-



Photo, Topical.

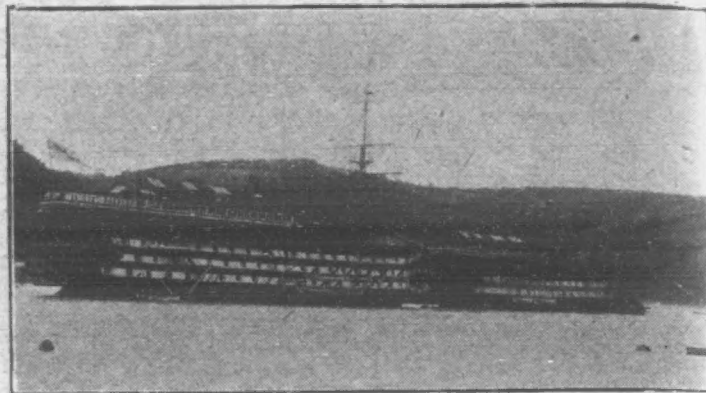
The Cotton Crisis: Types of the Northern factory girls.

Worked out in offensive operations, this entrenching after nocturnal marches would carry a force forward from point to point. Literally each division at night dug itself a hole in which to live during the daylight, so



Photo, Park.

THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT DARTMOUTH, where our cadets are in future to receive their training instead of on the old "Britannia."



Photo, Park.

The old "Britannia," and "Hindustan," where the Prince of Wales and Britain's naval officers were trained. It has now been vacated in favour of the New Naval College.

that the chief note of the training has been night operations on a line of defence.

The marching of the men shows that the young soldiers have splendid endurance, and as an example it may be mentioned that the 2nd Division covered thirty-four miles in twenty-



Photo, Jascotte.

Lord Chelmsford, the new Governor of Queensland.

four hours, and entrenched all night. There is nothing amiss with a division that can do this.

TEA DRUNKARDS.

Nowadays almost as many people are ruining their health by drinking too much tea as in former days they did by over-indulgence in beer or spirits. In the *Lancet* of 1863 a writer, speaking of the arguments for and against the use of tea, remarked that:

It has a strange influence over mood—a strange power of changing the look of things, and changing it for the better; so that we can believe and hope and do under the influence of tea what we should otherwise give up in discouragement and despair—feelings under the influence of which tissues wear rapidly.

Few perhaps would be likely nowadays to attribute any such magical stimulating influences to the power of that very ordinary beverage, in spite of the fact that very few of us do not eagerly look forward to what in these *entente cordiale* days may be called "le five o'clock."

But Dr. Scott Tebb, in his report to the Southwark Borough Council, in which he gives many interesting facts relating to the history of tea and its effects upon the human constitution, fully concurs with the expert of the past, and follows up his statement with the remark that this power of changing the aspect of affairs and appealing to the happier side of one's nature is due to the alkaloid of tea; and he adds that he has made a point of conversing with many of his friends as to the effect which tea has upon them, and they are unanimous in saying that the best time of the day to do any writing or intellectual work is after a cup of tea in the afternoon.

From opinions collected from various doctors both in America and England, Dr. Tebb is able to prove that the consensus of opinion among them is that tea is a powerful drug, which, used in

moderation, is mild and pleasant; but that when taken in excess it leads to every form of nervous exhaustion both of mind and body, and even in extreme cases has been known to produce insanity.

Dr. Wood, of Brooklyn, for instance, found in his practice at the Brooklyn Dispensary that out of 1,000 consecutive cases applying for general treatment, 100—or 10 per cent.—were found to be "liberal indulgers in tea," and suffering from its deleterious effects; of these 100 patients:—

45	complained of headache.
20	" persistent giddiness.
20	" despondency.
19	" indigestion.
19	" palpitation of the heart.
15	" sleeplessness.

The habit of tea-drinking has become too engrained in England for there to be the least possibility of its eradication, but it is well to realise that tea, like alcohol, is a drug, which, used in excess, has the most deleterious effect on the human system.

The constant doses of stewed tea consumed by the cottagers in the western counties are practically poison, water being poured again and again on the tea leaves till all the stimulating properties have disappeared and the liquid is a mere solution of tannin.

The counsel of perfection is to use China tea if possible, pour the water off the leaves immediately it is infused, and drink moderately.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Queen of the Bow: Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, will shortly make a five-month tour in America and Canada, receiving the princely salary of £2,000 a month. Eight years ago Miss Hall, playing in the streets of Malvern with her father and sister, used to be glad to earn a penny by her music.



LORD CURZON IN INDIA: In spite of the incessant demands upon his time of the affairs of State the Viceroy managed to get some good shooting during his sojourn in the East.

of Saratoff province, for example, are divided into hostile camps, known respectively as the "Wideawakes" and the "Godfearing." The villagers have daily encounters. Their arms are sticks and pitchforks. Sometimes a whole village belongs to one party, and wages warfare with a neighbouring hamlet.

Lord Farnham's Joke.

Lord Farnham is a motorist and a polo player. According to the *Motor News*, on a recent occasion he was driving down to Mullingar to play in a match, and while running along a bog road incautiously turned to adjust the polo-sticks, which were rattling in the tonneau. The result was that he swerved right off the road, and plunged into a bog hole. His wire explaining his failure to be present at the match read as follows:—"Too wet; can't come." As it was a gloriously fine day, the other members of the team were considerably puzzled until they learned later on of the accident.

Absent Guests.

It is related of a certain garden party at Government House, Ottawa,



The Peace Mission: M. Witte, the Russian Representative.

during Lord Minto's now ending régime, that the arrangements and the weather were perfect, and everything complete. The Governor-General and his lady, however, waited in vain for the crowd of guests, and they discovered, on making inquiries, that the A.D.C. had omitted to send out the invitations.

The New Romance.

If Berlin could copyright its romance for sale to novelists in search of plots, a new German industry would be opened up, says the *Evening Standard*. Why should unimaginative mortals batten gratuitously on two such stories as have just come from Berlin? First, the remarkable luck of a young man who tried to shoot himself because his lady-love had broken off their engagement, and had returned his letters; striking the packet, the bullet glanced off, and Romeo lives to woo again. The second man is an artist, who has married his model. She had disappeared, to be met unexpectedly, no doubt after a long and agonising search, as the daughter of a real baroness. And now the engagement is announced. Romance, it will be noticed, is sacrificing to convention. Here in Berlin, as in Mr. Maxwell's story of "Vivien," no wedding takes place till the ardent lover is convinced that his sweetheart comes of a good family. If mankind can only live up to this ideal, papas and mammas will be relieved of a heavy responsibility. Their sons and daughters will no longer stray after penniless youths and girls of lowly birth. As a consequence, they will, of course, live happily ever after.

The "Seidlitz Powder" Balls.

Earl Beauchamp, who is President of the Congo Reform Association, went out to New South Wales in 1899 as Governor. His rule there was made famous by his "Seidlitz Powder Balls," so called because the tickets were blue and white, and the blue admitted to more privileges than the white.

Man v. Dog Fight.

We published in a recent issue a photograph of the trained dogs which gave an exhibition at the Gamekeepers' Dog Show at Leeds, with a description as supplied to us by the photographer, and regret to find that the report was inaccurate in some particulars. An official of the Gamekeepers' Association, in an interesting letter, supplies the following true version of the "Man v. Dog" incident. He says: One of the usual hangers to be found at all fancy shows was offered a small sum to run across a field with fifty yards start, and he was promised a sovereign by a bystander if he could get 100 yards without crawling along on his hands and knees. He accepted the offer and started, but before the dog overtook him he dropped into the ground, and remained there without giving the dog any opportunity to trip him up as they are trained to do. The dog simply played round the man, and wagged its tail, and there was nothing in the nature of even a wrestle. Then a local well-known pugilist stepped forward, and was anxious to spar with a dog. But as he stated that his leg had been broken some few weeks previously the Committee and myself declined to allow him to meet the dog. We did not ask him nor were we informed how he met with his accident. Another show assistant then came forward, and for a small reward offered to wrestle with one of the dogs to see if it could get him down. At the second spring of the dog the man fell. As for any one of them being injured it is an absolute falsehood, and misstatement of fact to say that they were even scratched. It is true that one of these gentlemen of leisure lost the seat of his trousers, but that was caused by an obstructing nail in a fence he jumped, or rather tried to, and the dog never so much as tried to follow him. These dogs are splendid animals, with great sagacity and intelligence. It is true they are powerful opponents to poachers or men of violent deeds who attack them; but at the show when running in trials they were always very securely muzzled, and could not hurt the man they chase.

A Very Presentable Burglar.

A man named William Gleason, arrested at Philadelphia on a charge



Baron Komura, the Japanese Envoy at the Peace Conference.

of burglary, has evidently studied the methods of "Raffles," as portrayed in magazine stories and on the stage. He was always faultlessly dressed, kept a valet, and was a member of a church, where he belonged to the choir, as he had a fine voice. He used a motor-car on his burglarious expeditions, and he limited his operations to Friday evenings only. He stole many thousand dollars' worth of jewellery.

Lunatic as a Blackbird.

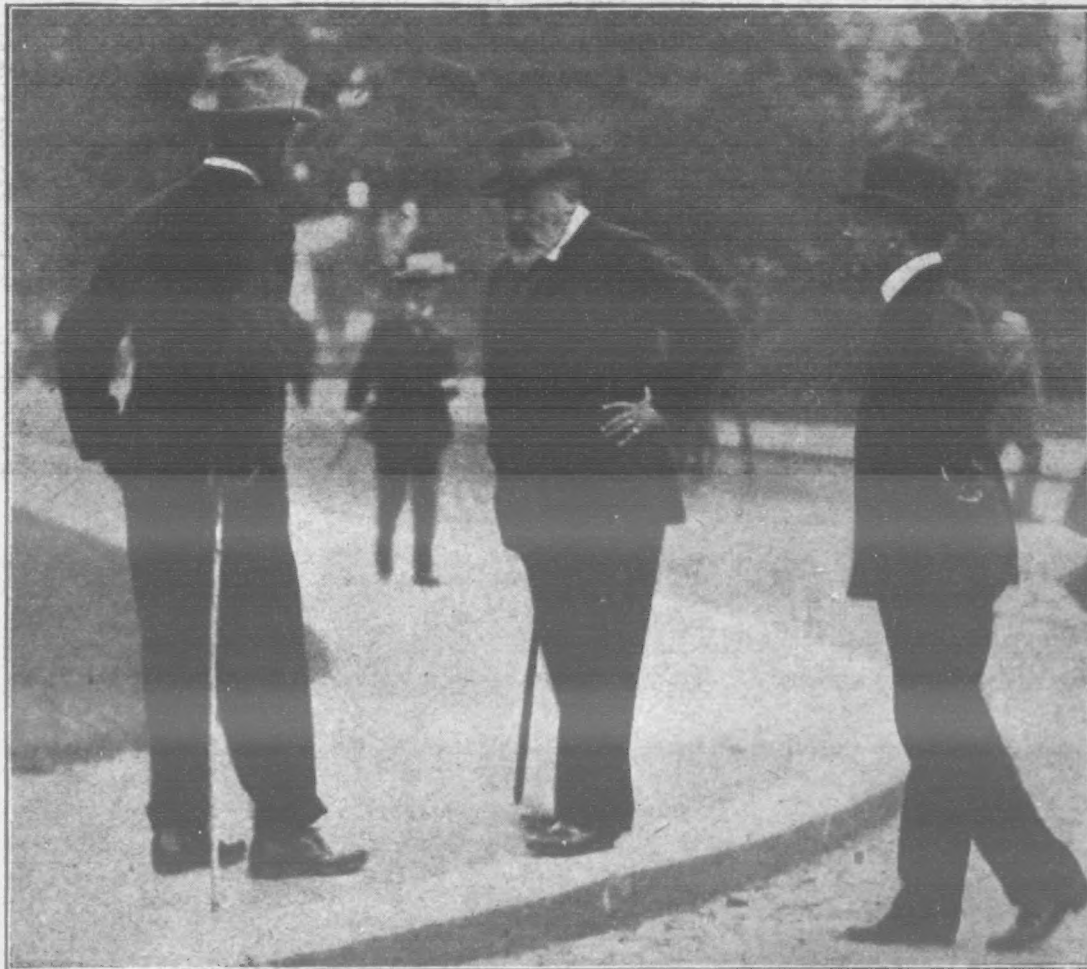
A lunatic in Colney Hatch Asylum, after arranging his bedclothes so that any warder passing should think he was in bed, seized an opportunity to escape, and left the building clothed in a blanket. He was missed in the morning, search parties were despatched, and he was found after a long hunt in a leafy oak tree sitting on a large nest made of branches whistling like a blackbird. Secreted in the tree were a fortnight's provisions.

Ran Five Hundred Miles.

A man named James, employed at the Dover School of Art, has completed a run of 500 miles. He started from Dover on a Monday at 6 a.m. to run to Welshpool and back in six days. He took just over that time, arriving back at Dover at 9.30 on the following Sunday morning. James, who has done a lot of long-distance running in India, is forty-five years of age.

"Wideawakes" and "God-fearing."

The Volga provinces are in a state bordering on civil war. The peasants



THE KING'S HOLIDAY: A splendid snapshot of His Majesty in the streets of Marienbad.



INDIA'S NEW VICEROY: Lord and Lady Minto in Canadian winter dress.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
Vicar Rings his 1,000th Peal:
The Rev. F. E. Robinson,
vicar of Drayton and master
of the Oxford Diocesan Guild of
Church Bellingers, has rung his
1,000th peal. This is the first
1,000th peal of 5,000 changes
and upwards ever rung by one
person. To celebrate the occa-
sion he has been presented with
an address on behalf of the
Oxford Society of Changeringers.

Riot in a Theatre.

Ten thousand people stormed the stage of the ancient Roman amphitheatre at Nimes during an interruption in the performance, and made a bonfire of the scenery. The performers struck after the first act (says the *Express* correspondent, on the ground that the management had not paid their salaries. Their irritation was smoothed over, but, the money not being forthcoming at the end of the second act, they struck again. The audience waited patiently until after midnight, then they rushed the stage, tore up the scenery, and made a bonfire, which they fed with the chairs and the furniture, and all the "properties" on which they could lay hands. Property figures crackled and fizzled in the flames, and the bonfire grew to an alarming size. Then the fire brigade was sent for, while a detachment of troops was called up to disperse the angry audience. This was no easy matter in such an enormous building. It was not until nearly four o'clock in the morning that the fire had been extinguished and the audience dispersed. The expenses of the last two performances at the amphitheatre reached £1600, while the receipts only amounted to about half this sum. The management is to be summoned before the court.

Surfeit of Duels.

The officers of the 78th Regiment, quartered at Melimoes in France, are thirsting to draw the blood of an ex-colleague, Lieutenant Maurice Huet, who sent in his papers a month ago. Soon after his resignation a book from his pen about Melimoes and the 78th Regiment was published. This has created almost as great a sensation as did Lieutenant Bille's "In a Garrison Town," when it appeared in Germany. Lieutenant Huet's book, which is called "Sabres of Wood and Guns of Straw," is full of highly-spiced stories about the officers of the regiment and their wives. Since its appearance the author has been sought everywhere by the officers of the 78th. The officers of

other regiments in the town have also taken up the hunt, and one of them, Captain Cadot, found Lieutenant Huet at Dinard recently, fought him, and wounded him in the sword arm. When the unfortunate author recovers he will have to begin a series of duels, and either be killed or fight his way through the entire regiment.

Burglars' Clever Ruse.

The assistants at a large hair dresser's shop in Berlin, on arriving early one morning, found a large placard on the shutters, bearing the inscription, "Closed on account of sudden death." Thinking the proprietor, Herr Jaskowiak, had died in the night, the assistants returned home, but later in the day some of them returned to the shop. They then found, to their astonishment, their master seated at his desk making a list of goods stolen from his shop. Knowing that the assistants arrived early, the burglars, three in number, put up the placard in order that they might not be disturbed.

Boy Pirate.

Few boys have dared to attempt the feat of Charles Snarth, of Hull, who was charged at Boston, Lincolnshire, last week, with the theft of a steam launch worth £100. The launch is the property of a builder living at Boston, and was moored in the Witham. It was alleged that Snarth went on board, got up steam, and started up stream for Lincoln. At Kirkstead the propeller became entangled in the weeds, and he was compelled to stop. In the meantime the police engaged a steamer and started in pursuit. On the journey mahogany

pursuers were surprised that it had not exploded. Snarth was remanded for inquiries.

Farm Profit-sharing.

With a view to placing a check upon the depopulation of Kentish villages, which is reaching alarming

Every year the hands are called together, and each receives a share of the profits made on the year's working of the farms. On the last occasion of the profit-sharing each man received £2 14s, while the youths' share amounted to £1 16s. each. In cases where several members of a

have to be watched for tragic possibilities. They come to England because England is free, and for that very reason our Royal family is safer than the royal family of any other country in the world. The new batch from Switzerland need cause Englishmen no anxiety whatever."

The Mercantile Club.

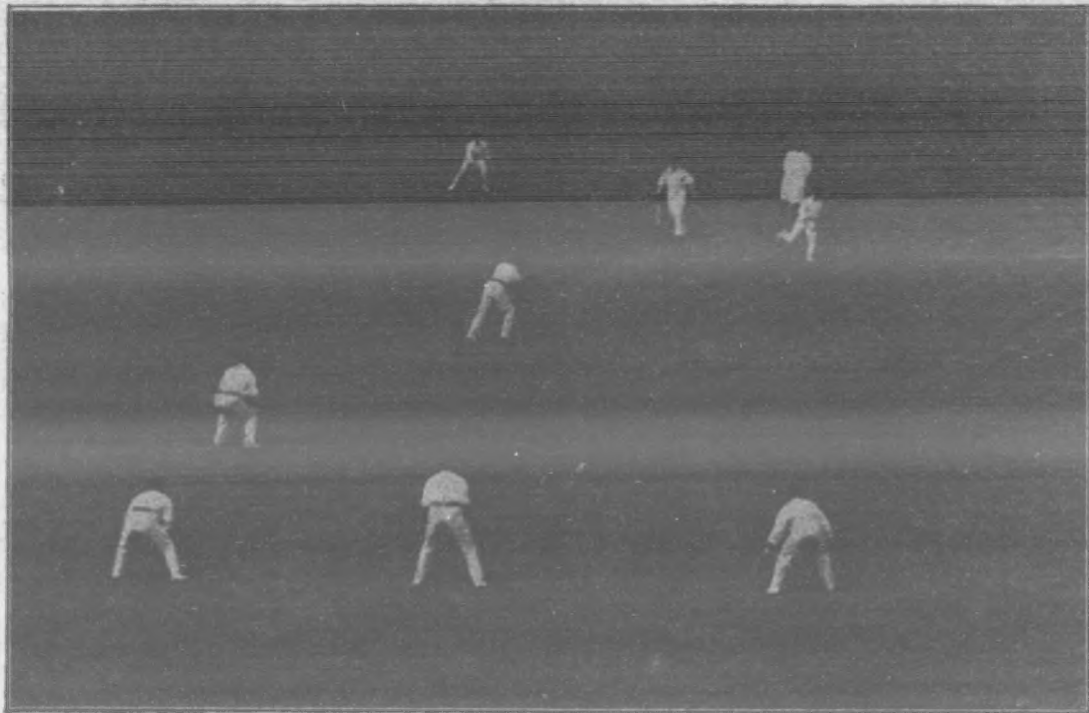
The Mercantile Club have secured permanent premises even sooner than the most sanguine of the founders anticipated, a result which has been accomplished by an amalgamation of that club and the Cosmopolitan Club, the latter having recently been established with objects exactly similar to the former. The clubhouse of the combined clubs is situated at 32 Dover Street, Piccadilly, and an exceptionally fine site adjoining and running through to 18 Berkeley Street has been secured, upon which specially-designed premises will be erected at a cost of over £10,000. The committees of the two clubs are also being combined, upon which will be found the names of many who are famous in the world of commerce.

Dancing Peasants Killed.

Eight people were killed, and many others were injured, during a riot which took place in the Archbishop's garden at Arlaw, Hungary, telegraphs the Vienna correspondent of the *Express*. A party of Hungarian peasants were dancing, when soldiers of a regiment drawn from the Roumanian speaking district appeared. One of them struck a girl who refused to dance with him, and was beaten by the peasants. His companions came to his rescue with bayonets, and the peasants replied with clubs and revolvers. Matters were made worse by the arrival of a patrol of soldiers from a Hungarian regiment, who took sides against the Roumanians. Finally, the garrison was alarmed, and a company of soldiers fired ball cartridge into the fighting crowd.



Photo, Bowden.
THE LAST TEST MATCH: Australia coming out to field. Reading from left to right the players seen in the photo are Darling, leading the way, followed by Cotter and Armstrong. Behind them are Duff and Hill and the rest of the eleven.



Photo, Bowden.
THE LAST TEST MATCH Cotter bowling to Hayward.

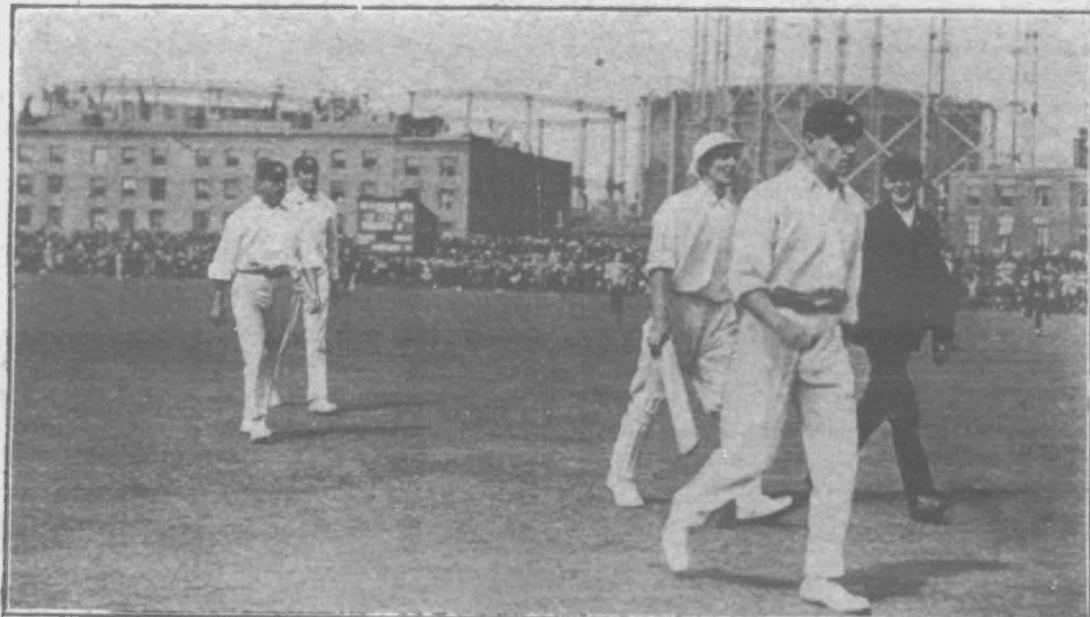
furniture and other fittings that had been thrown from the launch were picked up. Snarth was captured at a Kirkstead hotel and taken to Boston. The little knowledge he possessed of steam production might have proved a dangerous thing for the lad, for when the launch was overhauled there was no water in the boiler, and the

proportions, several large landowners have decided on a system of profit-sharing with their agricultural labourers, hoping by this means to stimulate "Hodge" to take a greater interest in his employment. The system of sharing farm profits was initiated by Mr. E. W. Hussey, a large estate owner, of Sootney Castle.

family are engaged on a farm sums approaching £10 have been taken home. The system has had such successful results, that Mr. Hussey has received numerous inquiries asking for details as to the working of the scheme, with the consequence that other farmers in the county have expressed their intention of working on similar lines.

Soho Invaded by Expelled Swiss Anarchists.

The polyglot population of Soho has been increased during the past few days by the influx of a number of Anarchists from Switzerland. They knew exactly where to come when expelled by the recent order of the Swiss Federal Council, as letters have been passing between Geneva, Lucerne, and Berne and an address in Soho, which has taken the place of their late rendezvous. "They can plan nothing serious without our knowledge," said a member of the special Anarchist detective group presided over by Superintendent Patrick Quinn to an *Express* representative. "Many of them, such, for instance, as Ciabattini, who was expelled from France a little while ago, never threw a bomb or sharpened a poisoned dagger ready for a monarch in their lives. Large numbers of them are only 'political Anarchists,' and go in for nothing more terrible than wordy diatribes against emperors and kings, presidents and grand dukes, and help in various ways the particular forms of socialistic propaganda to which they belong. But there are others who



Photo, Bowden.
THE LAST TEST MATCH: Duff, Noble, and Fry coming in.



Photo, Foster.
R. A. Duff, who made 146 runs for Australia in the Test Match.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

CAVALRY EMBARKATION EXPERIMENTS AT DOVER: The horses are being trained, with some difficulty, to enter the sea.

Diving for Gold.

The quest for the Spanish gold on board the *Admiral of Florence*, the treasure ship of the Spanish Armada, at Tobermory, on the Argyllshire coast, is proceeding with every prospect of ultimate success. In the boulder clay brought up by the digger an antique hand-made silver candlestick has been found, and there have also been recovered five gold coins—"pieces of eight"—in excellent preservation, two stone cannon balls, and one of iron. Captain Burns, the director of the West of Scotland Syndicate, which is carrying on the present search, has decided to suspend operations with the digger for the present for fear of destroying any silver-plate that may be found. He has reverted to the use of the powerful suction pump on board the diving ship *Beamer*. The Duke of Argyll has delegated to the syndicate his rights conferred by royal charter in 1641. It is averred that the ninth Earl of Argyll, in 1669, employed a Swedish expert with a diving bell, and that a two months' search brought up two cannon. It is also stated that some years later Sir William Sacheverell, Governor of the Isle of Man, again made a bold bid for the treasure, with results not recorded, and that in 1697, on the invention of a new diving apparatus, the next Earl of Argyll formed a company, the success of which is not known to history. In 1740 John, second Duke of Argyll, is said to have made another attempt with a diving bell, bringing up a bronze gun. The present syndicate is supplied with all modern appliances—a powerful steam pump, which sucks the sand and clay and all small material from the hands of the diver, and a strong digger that can in a forenoon pierce a hole 5ft. square into the mound of clay and sand to a depth of 18ft. The Swede and other experts of bygone times could not descend eight fathoms without the diving bell capsizing, and they could only work with tongs from the inside of the bell. The syndicate have had full access to all historical documents and reports, and to the archives, plans, and charts used in former searches. In 1661, when the expert from Sweden began the search for the Marquis of Argyll, it was found that the deck and a portion of the vessel's sides were blown off, from the mizzen-mast forward, and that the hull was full of sand and mud. The poop, however, which was not damaged by the explosion, was standing up, and the

heavy oak beams and planking of the sides were intact, the bow being in eight fathoms and the stern in eleven fathoms at low water. Under the poop was the strong-room and the treasure. The salvors immediately began to tear away the planks and

began immediately the Chinese heroine on the stage threw a handful of live fireworks at her faithless lover. Forthwith the theatre was filled with smoke, and 'Mock Duck,' it is alleged, signalled to his men to commence 'action.'



Photo, Advance.

AN EXCITING FEAT: Remarkable snapshot, showing Schreyer and his bicycle in mid-air shortly after he had ridden off the platform of the staging to dive into the shallow tank beneath at Canning Town.

beams, but the Clan MacLean, under their chief, drove them away from their work after they had recovered five or six heavy cannon. Subsequent workers were also driven away by the MacLeans, who built a fort overlooking Tobermory.

Chinese Theatre Riot.

Describing the riot at a Chinese theatre in New York, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, says: "It was due to the intense animosity existing between two rival societies, one named 'Hip-sing-tongs' and the other 'On-leong-tongs.' Both are pledged to the reformation of China, but both differ regarding the means to be employed, one section favouring, apparently, the progressive and aggressive methods of modern Japan, and the rival section favouring more leisurely and conservative plans. It is possible that the performance may have stimulated the trouble, because it consisted of 'half a Chinese sacred concert and half an American melodrama.' Anyway the 'Hip-sing-tongs,' standing at the back of the house, suddenly whipped out revolvers and began shooting at the 'On-leong-tongs' in front. Over a hundred bullets were exchanged, windows and furniture being shattered, while three Chinamen were killed outright and others died later. A large number of people were arrested by the police, including the notorious 'Mock Duck,' the most notorious Chinese desperado in New York. It is believed that the assault was prearranged, because the firing

Romance of Finance.

Mr. Martin D. Rucker, the well-known City financial magnate, appeared in the Bankruptcy Court and told an astounding story of his career, which has now ended in his failure for £12,081. Mr. Rucker is best known on account of his association with Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley in the promotion of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited. It was in 1896, he said, that he first knew Mr. Hooley. His previous career had been as a cycle manufacturer in partnership with a Mr. Jackson at Bethnal Green, but in 1885 the firm made a private arrangement with their creditors. He then became manager to Humbers, Limited, his income being a large one, but his employment ceased in 1898, by which time he was in receipt of £9,000 a year. Afterwards he received £475,000 as his share in the promotion of Dunlops, and being a rich man, he paid off his old creditors in full. Then he took a residence in Surrey—Woodlands—which cost nearly £100,000, and the lease of a little place in Sussex called Slyfield, and there he preserved game. He then proceeded to purchase racing stables, and ran horses, built kennels, and became master of the West Surrey Stagbonds. Just at the height of his prosperity Mr. Rucker's investments ceased to pay. He lent money and could not get it back. The inventions he financed failed, and the companies went into bankruptcy. The Official Receiver examined Mr.



Back to Life: Mr. Peter Passmore, a Russian of English origin, who, when only eighteen, was banished to Siberia for a political offence. After twenty-eight years of exile he has just been permitted to return to Russia. Although only just forty-six years old he looks nearly seventy.

£3,000,000. He and Mr. Hooley divided about £1,000,000 between them. Mr. Rucker received as his share £400,000 in cash, the yacht *Venetian*, which was valued at £50,000, and the yacht *Britannia*, valued at £6,000.

Valet's Double Life.

John William George, an Englishman, who went to America four years ago as valet to Mr. Swift, of Chicago, has been arrested on a charge of robbing his master, Mr. George D. Widener, with whom he had been for ten months. George has made a confession, in which he states that at night-time, armed with a life-preserver and wearing a mask, he ransacked his master's mansion. He spent the proceeds of his robberies on a Swedish maid, to whom he was engaged, and also betted extensively on the Turf. George also acted as valet to Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

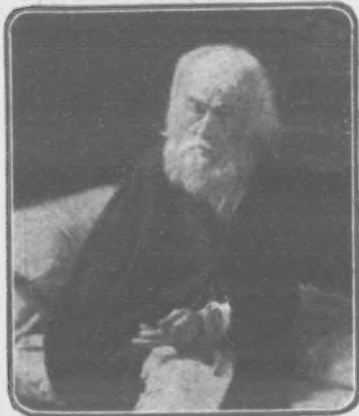
Giant Gorillas.

M. Eugene Brusseaux, a French official and an explorer, has just returned from Algiers, bringing with him photographs of giant gorillas, one of which was killed by his escort of native sharpshooters. The animal is of great size, being 7ft. 6in. in height, while the width of the shoulders is 4ft. One of its hands when cut off weighed 6lb., while the carcass turned the scale at 720lb., and the united efforts of eight native soldiers were necessary to drag it to the French Residency at Ouessou, the administrative centre of Central Sangha, where M. Dupont, the Government Administrator, buried the animal, and so preserved the skeleton. During the last twelve months several travellers have reported the presence in the upper valleys of Lonani and Sangareah of these enormous gorillas, which have never previously been seen, while the Arabs state that several times the beasts have attacked caravans passing through the valleys. These monster gorillas differ in many respects from all others hitherto known. The ears are remarkably small, and the skin is almost bare on the chest and stomach, while the shoulders and thighs are covered with long, thick hair. M. Brusseaux believes that they belong to a new, or at any rate hitherto unknown, species.

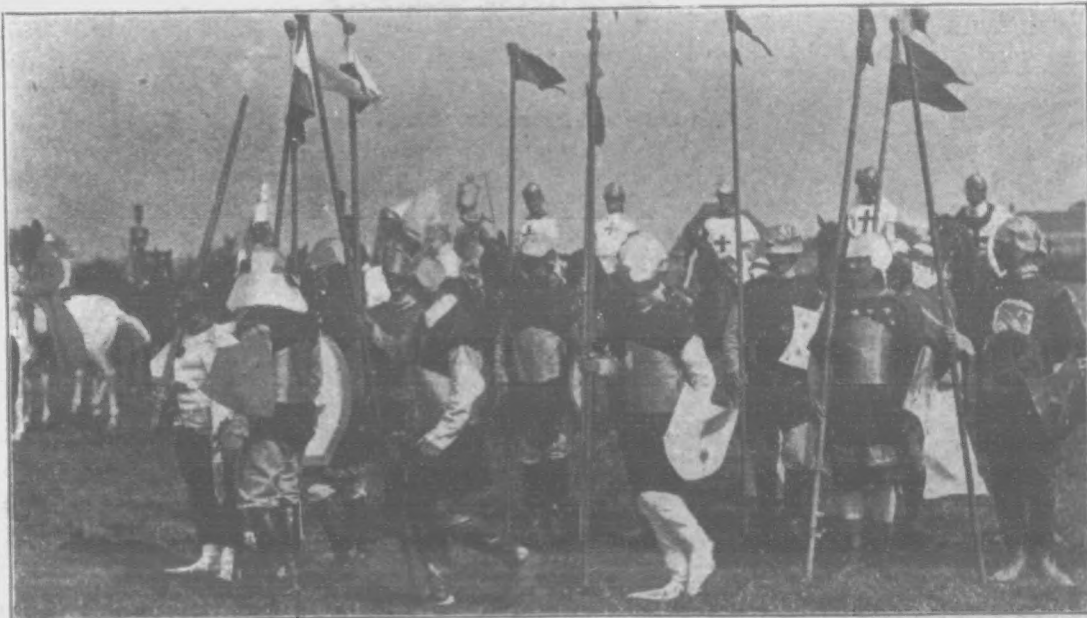
A Coining Joke.

VAN X.: "What made Blank blush when I asked him if he was making money? That's a natural question." DE G.: "Yes; but he's a reformed counterfeiter."

Rucker upon his association with Mr. Hooley in the promotion of the Dunlop Company. The principal deal, he explained, was the sale of the business to a limited company, which resulted in the gross profit of about



John Vaughan, age 104, who claims to have been a bugler at Waterloo. The King is interesting himself on his behalf.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

FRENCH CADETS' MASQUERADE: A scene from the annual military gymnkhana which takes place at St. Cyr in commemoration of the battle of Austerlitz.



Photo, Bolak.
Dukobour refugees, who have just arrived in England from Russia on their way to Canada, where there is a large colony of their fellow-countrymen.

The Queen and Nonagenarian Couples.

It is understood that Queen Alexandra has recently been gathering particulars of all married couples over ninety years of age who are living together. Amongst those that have just come under Her Majesty's notice are Mr. and Mrs. Rainford, of West Kirby, near Birkenhead, who are believed to hold the present record. Mr. Rainford was born on April 22, 1815, and Mrs. Rainford on December 24, 1814, and on the 21st inst. they will have been married sixty-seven years. They are a remarkably hale and hearty old couple. They have always been early risers, and Mr. Rainford still gets up at six o'clock every morning. Both were born at West Kirby, and have lived there nearly all their lives. They have twenty-eight grandchildren and forty-three great-grandchildren.

The Spectre of Hunger.

The St. Petersburg special correspondent of the "Matin" sends a harrowing account of the situation in Russia. He says that many of the factories and workshops in the industrial districts are closed, and people are dying from hunger. Many women have been caught stealing bread for their children. As this is taking place in the summer time, it is frightful to think what will be done when the winter sets in. The crops have completely failed in some districts, and famine has already appeared in twenty-six provinces.

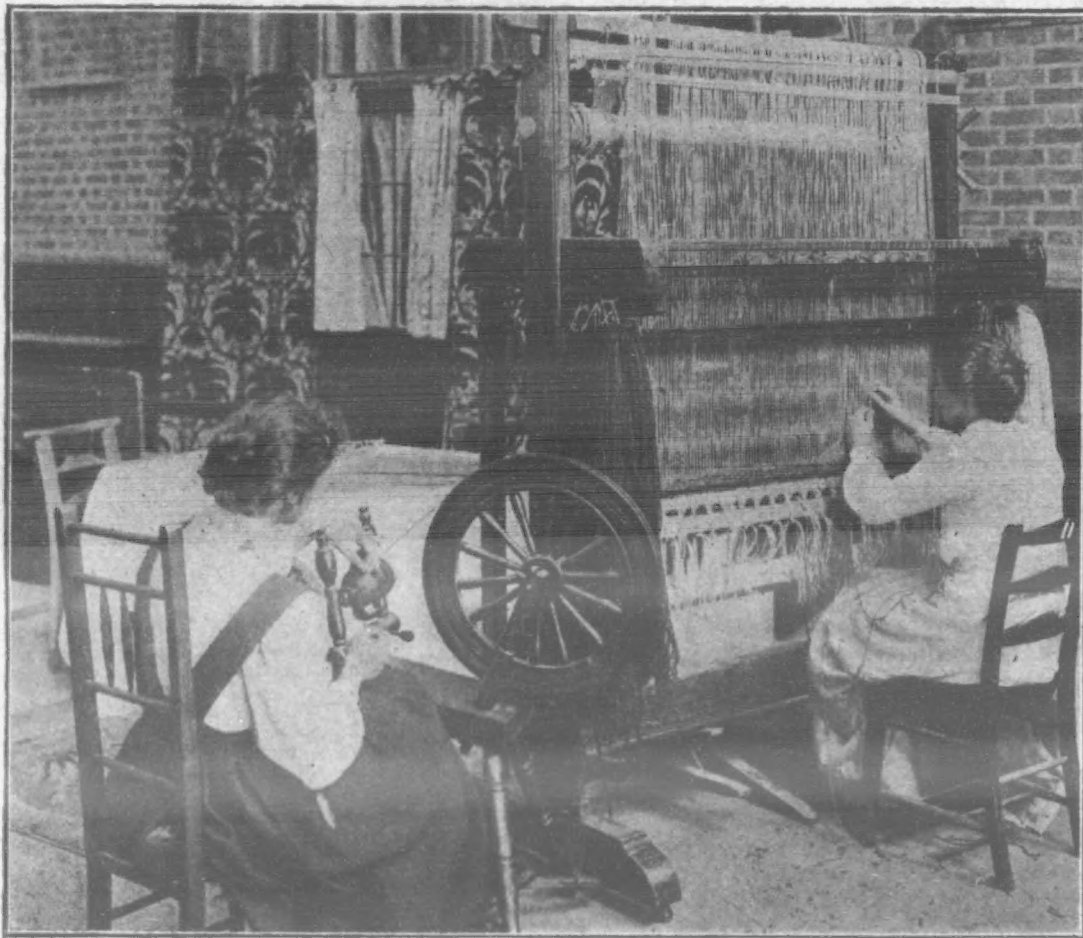
Old Moore Predicts Some Gruesome Events.

Once again Old Moore has awakened and written. But his dream of 1906 is so amazing that it is a wonder he ever regained consciousness. His familiar white almanac, with its grotesque hieroglyphics, leads off with disaster—Death plying his sickle lustily by land and sea. Then come financial exposures, outrages, murders, and earthquake shocks. But, for all this, January will not see so many unemployed in the streets, and in the House of Commons there will be an unwonted spectacle—"the Government steadily working." February is to be distinguished by such strange happenings as religious controversies, and ere the nation has recovered from the novelty March will come in with a great stir about hospital management, a tax on bicycles, great times for white labour in South Africa, and for Britons in France. But April is to see something almost comic—a great clearance off the streets of the bogus blind and lame beggars. In this month, too, the Crystal Palace



The "Frisco Kid," who came from America to black the King's boots, but has not yet succeeded. But he has been to the Mansion House, and received a certificate from the Lord Mayor.

will be burned. In May the dreamer's soul reaches a fine height—"one language and a world's brotherhood." Next he sees a vision of farm colonies gathering in tramps, vagabonds, and



Photo, Park.
REVIVAL OF HAND WORK AT HAZELMERE: The movement for the revival of handicrafts is a growing one. "Back to pre-machinery times" is the war-cry of the new crusade. The craftsman should take the place of the mere mechanical "hand," and hand-spun, hand-woven goods in their infinite variety should replace the monotonous materials turned out by the mile from the factory.

wastrels. In July many wealthy people will die, trade will flourish, and Russia will make a rush for India. August is to see a bank smash. September is to hear some very free speech in Hyde Park, and October will be distinguished by the wholesale killing of little shops by big stores. More railway accidents and some coal-mine disasters will blacken November. December is to witness damaging tides on the south coast and a host of destructive fires, and on top of it all Old Moore has the courage to wish everybody a Happy New Year.

An Officers' Prank in Camp.

To mark their dissatisfaction with a senior member of the mess, the officers of an Essex Volunteer battalion, in camp at Colchester, held a mock funeral of the unpopular officer the other night. A deck chair, covered with a Union Jack, represented the corpse, and a procession of officers in black cloaks and carrying lanterns followed it round the camp. After the "interment" there were songs and dances.

Where Women are Wanted.

There is hope for the hosts of husbandless women in the United Kingdom, if only they would take courage and cross the seas. In Western Australia the population has increased sixfold in the last fifteen years, but the disparity between the sexes is increasing all the time. At the present moment, according to the official statistics, there are 145,000 males to 98,000 females.

WISE SAYINGS.

"You can never lead unless you lift."—E. E. Hale.

Ashes fly back into the face of him who throws them.

"What makes life dreary is the want of motive."—George Eliot.

"Be patient with every one, but, above all, with yourself."—Francis de Sales.

"Stones and sticks are thrown only at fruit-bearing trees."—Prussian Proverb.

We often do right things in the wrong way.

"To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better."—Edwards.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,

He who would search for pearls must dive below."—Addison.

"We learn only from those we love."—Goethe.

No two people look upon each other with more contempt than the miser and the spendthrift, and neither of them is far wrong.

To know how to say what other people think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.

We study nature to learn something of God; we study literature to learn something of man.

"When a man is truly in love, he is not long in wooing."—Grace Greenwood.

Trouble's a thing it doesn't pay

To either lend or borrow.

The man of wisdom ne'er gives way

Beneath a load of sorrow.

Each dog is bound to have his day—

And yours may dawn to-morrow.

"You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one."—Froude.

"A hundred different and sweet-smelling leaves are needed to form a rose, and the hundreds of pure joys go to make up perfect happiness."—Carmen Sylvia.

Very few men have ever made an occasion, but occasions have made many a man.



Photo, Topical.
Water Sports in Italy: A fancy dive.

FIVE MINUTES' FUN.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer, Eb for short she called her beau. Talk of "tides of love." Great Caesar! You should see 'em Eb and Flo.

Jess: "I'm afraid that I'll never learn to swim." Sue: "Why not?" Jess: "Tom won't let go of me long enough."

Now sister, home from boarding-school, Severely criticises ma; And, with an air of wisdom rare, Explains the grammar's rules to pa.

The window has three little panes, But one have I; The window's panes are in its sash, I wonder why?

THE YACHTSMAN'S HAND BOOK.

Rule I.—When engaging a sailing master be sure to refer to your boat as "the stanchest little vessel that ploughs the briny main." This will impress him with your seamanship.

II.—Do not call the cook a galley slave until the end of the trip, or it may cause indigestion.

III.—When half seas over it is a good plan to go off on another tack. Great care should be taken to avoid bars at such a juncture.

IV.—Sporting rules require that gloves weighing at least five ounces be used in boxing the compass.

V.—Under the new ruling of the S.P.C.A. the watch dog cannot be compelled to stand the dog watch. Use any old sea dog.

VI.—If you find that your provisions are tough, you may eat the tender.

VII.—If you are unable to hear the soundings, ask a sailor to fathom their meaning.

VIII.—To avoid comment it is best always to start with a fresh new deck.

IX.—If your boat happens to be a catboat, great care should be taken to avoid schools of dogfish.

X.—It is best to dress modestly, as a heavy swell is liable to be dangerous to a small boat.

Love is like money, hard to gain and harder to keep.

Even if success is coming to you, it may have to be met half way.

Not failure, but low aim is crime.

Success is not always a good standard to judge things by, but it is a hard thing to argue against.



Photo, Bolak.
A SOCIETY WEDDING AT HAM: Last week the Hon. Rhona Hanbury-Tracy, youngest daughter of Lord Sudeley, was married to Mr. Bertram Abel Smith, of the banking house of Smith, Payne, and Smith. The wedding was notable for the enormous number of jewels, principally diamonds and pearls, presented to the bride by the bridegroom.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

There seems to be no limit to the batting powers of C. B. Fry. Though temporarily deposed by Hirst from the premier position in the batting averages, the Sussex captain speedily regained the top rung, and his succession of triumphs is really extraordinary. Following on his 144 in the final test match, which, by the way, I was extremely pleased for the Australians' sake to see drawn, came 127 against Hampshire, and then another century in the early part of this week against Kent. Many people have expressed the view that Fry is a mere run-getter (whatever that may mean), and that he cannot cut. Those who saw his great effort against Kent at Hastings will be able to controvert all the nonsense written about his inability to get runs behind the wicket on the off side, for he cut in brilliant style last Monday, though, naturally, the last part of his innings was the result of powerful drives. That century was his tenth of the season, and I should not be at all surprised if he reaches his 3,000 runs before the campaign ends in the middle of next month.

Of the matches that finished last week-end attention was chiefly paid to those between Yorkshire and Essex and Lancashire and Derbyshire. In each case the result was voted a good thing for the "rose county," but, while Yorkshire managed to dispose of Essex, last year's champions had to battle hard to make a creditable draw with the Peakites. Much rain fell at Huddersfield, and Yorkshire, having the best of the luck, won by an innings and 193 runs. David Denton—about the most fortunate batsman now playing—scored his eighth century of the season, and Rhodes came out in quite his best bowling form, taking six wickets at the paltry cost of 9 runs in the second innings of Essex.

Middlesex had a deal the worse of the argument with Notts at Trent Bridge, but Tarrant batted splendidly, and was the principal agent in saving the Metropolitans from defeat. The ex-Australian is a really fine all-round player, and he should prove one of the mainstays of Middlesex for many years to come. In this match A. O. Jones made a brilliant 123, but the chief honours were claimed by Geo. Gunn, who, in addition to compiling 110, took five wickets for 50 runs in the second innings of the visitors.

Warwickshire came very near to beating Surrey at Birmingham, for the Londoners had to follow on. However, with batsmen of the type of Hayward and Hayes in the team Surrey are never done with, and a splendid stand by this pair averted disaster, and placed the Metropolitans in a state of comparative equality. At their first attempt Warwickshire scored 372 runs for eight wickets, and then declared. Surrey responded with 217, and at their second attempt lost a wicket for 131 runs.

The match was rendered more than ordinarily interesting—in that it enabled Tom Hayward to score his 2,000 runs for the season. He played his

usual safe and skilful game for 66 in the second innings, and it is not a little curious that he should have scored exactly the same number in the first. The only difference was that on the second occasion he was not out. Hayes hit away merrily for his 55 (not out) and had the excellent aggregate of 88 for once out.

Santall has been playing for Warwickshire so long that he may be regarded as a veteran. I will not state positively how long it is since I first saw him play, but it must be well over a dozen years. Judging by his display against Surrey, he appears to retain the form of his youth, for he captured no less than seven wickets for 79 runs, and on four occasions he hit the "sticks."

The Australians gained an easy victory over Northamptonshire, the newly-promoted county to first-class honours. Against the bowling of Howell the home side went all to pieces, even such a good bat as Thompson only making 50 in two attempts. In the match the "bee farmer" took nine wickets for 51 runs, and, as the Australians made 609 runs against 149 and 131 by their opponents, they won by an innings and 329 runs.

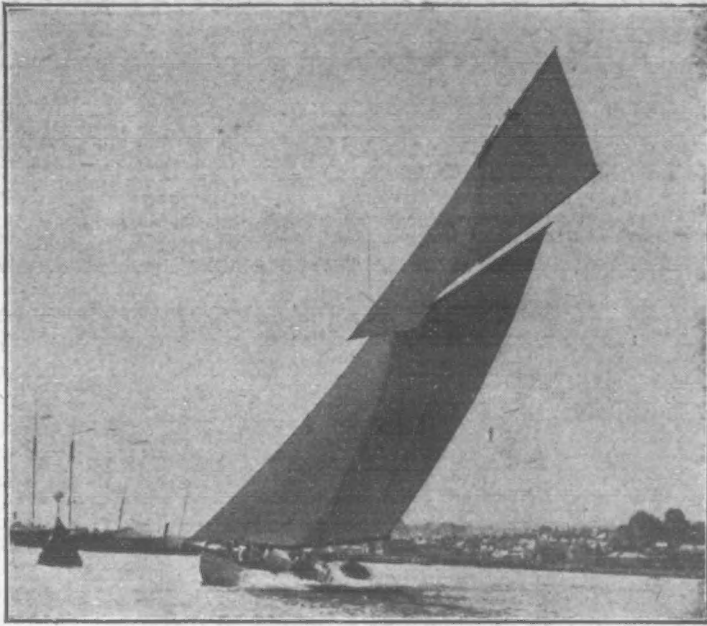
Robson, the Somerset professional, had a well-deserved benefit at Taunton, and it is to be hoped that his banking account will be satisfactorily swelled



Photo, Bunnett.
Last week a famous French municipal band was entertained at Ramsgate by Mr. Dowling, the Mayor. They are shown in this photo on their way to the banquet.

by the proceeds. He was on the losing side, for Kent won by an innings and 7 runs. E. W. Dillon, James Seymour, and J. R. Mason all scored centuries for the hop county, and the best form on the home side was shown by H. R. Johnson, Braund, and the beneficiaries.

At Hastings, Sussex proved all too good for Hampshire, and beat them by an innings and 87 runs. Besides Fry's 127 already alluded to, another century came from E. A. Young who was a very good second with 120. Others who did well were Vine, Killick, and



Photo, Bowden.

RYDE REGATTA: An excellent photograph of the winner of the Vice-Commodore's Cup. Showing the yacht moving swiftly through the water.

Relf, all of whom exceeded 50. For Hampshire, E. M. Sprot played well for 110, but he was badly supported, and his great effort consequently failed to save his side.

SWIMMING.

Five aspirants to emulate the feat of Capt. Webb in swimming the English Channel were at Dover at the beginning of the week, among them being "Monty" Holbein and Miss

In a four miles handicap he easily beat the three and four miles records, previously credited to the ex-champion, W. J. Sturgess. The latter's times were 21min. 14sec. and 28min. 24sec. and those had stood to his name since July 3, 1897.

Last Saturday Larnier accomplished the three miles in 20min. 25sec., and completed the four miles in 27min. 14sec. It was a handicap, and, of course, the champion started from the scratch mark, but nobody else had a chance. Other records were set up, F. A. Thomsett and H. A. Kay making new figures for the half mile and mile track, with a flying start. They did one minute for the half mile against 1min. 4sec. by W. H. and E. Gardner, and did 2min. 4sec. for the mile, beating the previous best by 10sec.

The "Carwardine" Cup was the chief event in the cycling world last Saturday. Under the auspices of the Anerley Bicycle Club, the race, which is contested over a distance of 100 miles, has always been an attractive event. Leon Meredith had only to score another victory to make the cup his own property. Happily he succeeded, for he not only won, but he covered the distance in the record time of 3hr. 37min. 46sec.

The Bath Cycling Club had an interesting meeting at the Recreation Ground. Ernest Payne was very much in evidence, as he won the Diamond Jubilee Gold Challenge Plate and Tempest Challenge Cup, in 1min. 10sec. The Bath City Gold Challenge Vase, a five miles scratch race, was won by the holder, S. W. Lack, of Cambridge, and, as he has now won it the stipulated number of times, the handsome 100 guineas trophy becomes his own property.

Hentschel's Athletic Club had a very successful meeting at Herne Hill, and, though there were no open events, there was plenty of excitement for those interested in the members, and altogether a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. The London and Westminster Bank made a brave show at Norbury, but here also there were no open events.

DOG DEFENDS DEAD MASTER.

A touching instance of a dog's fidelity to its dead master was related at an inquest at Ealing last week. The body of a man, named John Bacon, was found on the District Railway, near South Ealing. It was thought that while taking a short cut across the line the man had stepped upon one of the live rails conveying the electric current, and had been stunned, and then run over. When the body was discovered the dog was lying by its master's side. The animal growled fiercely, and at first would not let anyone touch the body. Eventually, when the body was being removed, the dog jumped upon the ambulance, and was taken to the mortuary, where it remained guarding its master for two days, until one of the man's relatives coaxed the animal away.

Earlier in the season one would not have thought J. P. George capable of such time as he exhibited in the 300yds. Running with excellent judgment, he beat the coloured American, J. B. Taylor, of Pennsylvania University, by a yard in 31sec., or only 4sec. behind C. G. Woods' record. Evidently he has come on a lot since the season opened, and one of the middle-distance championships should be within his reach next season.

Another great performance was that of the walking champion, G. E. Larnier.



Photo, Bunnett.
Ramsgate's farewell to the members of a French band which visited the town last week and was entertained by the Mayor.



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P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"The Blue Moon," the musical play by Mr. Harold Ellis, was produced at the Lyric Theatre on August 24th by Mr. Robert Courtneidge, by arrangement with Mr. Tom B. Davis.

There is a good story of Mme. Alice Esty, the famous singer, going the rounds.

Mme. Esty was once amongst the audience at a Boston concert, the principal feature of which was to be the prison scene from "Faust." Almost at the last moment it was found that Marguerite was, owing to sudden illness, unable to play. "To this day," says Mme. Esty, "I have never been able to understand how I gathered the confidence to do it, but, encouraged by the knowledge that I knew the part thoroughly, I rushed round to the artists' room and offered my services.

"Not until the manager had, with tears of gladness, thanked me, did it dawn upon my confused intelligence that it was a selection in costume. Too late! I was bundled on to the platform, and, when the curtain rose, I was discovered on the pallet of straw—a modern Marguerite in walking dress, smart hat, fan, flowers, and sunshade. It seemed a week while the audience cried with laughter, but I am glad to say they remained to applaud, and to honour me with a special 'call.'"

Mme. Esty will return from her holiday in America to resume her operatic engagements in London in September.

Mr. Louis N. Parker declares that the Sherborne Pageant cannot be given in London, as it cannot be performed out of Sherborne. However, it will be repeated there next June.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the charming actress, whose marriage to a young British officer has aroused much interest both in theatrical and military circles, comes of a famous family, as well known in the States as that of the Kembles in this country. Histrionic genius seems to be hereditary, and this is very evident in the case of Miss Barrymore. It is to be hoped that the marriage will not deprive the stage of a singularly agreeable feminine personality.

The theatrical managers of London may complain of a bad season, but there is one house of entertainment which is always likely to be packed to the doors—namely, the People's Theatre, at Bridgwater.

The People's Theatre is pitched in a field, and, unpretentious as it is, it has solved most of the problems that beset the latter-day exponents of the drama.

Though the company is a considerable one, the salary list is

not so exorbitant as to reduce the profits to a minimum; the County Council troubles it not, the Lord Chamberlain never interferes with it, and it never suffers from speculations as to what to play, because it plays everything.

The season at Bridgwater is now drawing to a close, and, with the exception of two nights on which it repeated a pantomime, the People's Theatre has never played the same piece twice during its six months' sojourn in the field. Yet this is by no means a record. For a memorable thirteen months it was once pitched at Penarth, in South Wales, and during that time no play was given twice.

Mr. Horton Hayes, the proprietor, is a plump, rosy man, greatly beloved by his public at Bridgwater for his

exploits as a low comedian. Mr. Hayes' father was in "the profession" before him, and left a considerable sum of money to his son. Now, Mr. Hayes is a man of energy, devoted to the drama and the country. Therefore, he decided to establish a travelling theatre, and chose for a partner Mr. Clyne, a gentleman of vast theatrical experience, who, in spite of his seventy years, can act as stage-manager and fill two or three parts in an evening.

Mr. Hayes prefers a caravan—built by himself—as a place of residence, and in this he lives with his wife and family.

The members of the company, all of whom have been associated for a long time, live with their wives and families, who are usually included in the caste, in lodgings near by.

The theatre has a cricket club, which plays all the local teams, and indirectly serves as an admirable advertisement. The whole countryside knows Mr. Hayes' company and appreciates them. And the company appreciates its audience.



Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS HAZEL THOMPSON, leading lady on tour with Mr. Louis Calvert's Company in "The Garden of Lilies."

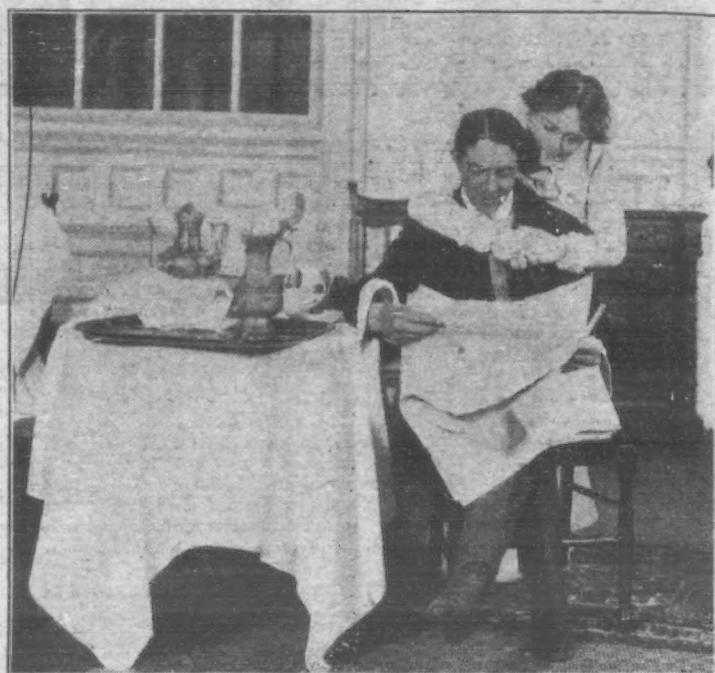
Mr. Alan W. Wood, who amassed a huge fortune estimated at no less than £4,000,000 in the steel trade at Pittsburg, has just died while undergoing a serious operation. Most of his estate has been left to his widow, to whom he had only been recently married.

Mrs. Wood, before her marriage, was a New York chorus girl named Miss Goldie Mohr.

It is very likely that Mr. Carton's play, "Mr. Hopkinson," will be revived at Wyndham's Theatre on October 10, prior to the production of a new piece by the same author.

Here is a pregnant fact (says "Phœbus" in the *Daily Express*). A popular comedian, who commands £60 weekly at Christmastide in pantomime and in the usual theatrical seasons is generally sure of a handsome engagement, is this year a member of a travelling "pierrot" company at a seaside town. It is true that he draws the handsome salary of £10 a week from the troupe—an amount unprecedented, I should say, in such a case—but he has to take his turn in going round with the hat! That is the state of affairs with many theatrical folk in the summer if they do not wish to idle away their time.

Significant changes are taking place in the music-hall world. Moss's Empires, Ltd., of the Glasgow Empire, and upwards of thirty other



Photo, Play Pictorial.

"Lucky Miss Dean," at the Criterion Theatre: MR. MARSH ALLEN and MISS ETHEL IRVING.

theatres, whose new variety theatre in Eglinton Street, Glasgow, capable of accommodating between 4,000 and 5,000 people, is rapidly nearing completion, have now acquired half-interest in the business of the Zoo-Hippodrome, New City Road, from Mr. E. H. Bostock, who retains the other half interest, and will remain in residence as general manager.

Mr. Walter Howard, the famous ex-minstrel, for whom a benefit performance was recently given at the Shepherd's Bush Empire, has just died after a very long and painful illness.

Mr. Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, has reappeared at the Tivoli. Another feature here is Lady Bell's brisk sporting sketch, recently seen at the Avenue, "327 Finsbury."

The Australian cricketers visited the Tivoli last week.

Atalanta, a beautiful slack-wire performer, who disrobes upon the wire, is the London Pavilion's latest sensation.

Mr. Mark Melford was a newcomer last week at the Palace. The next Palace attraction will be Miss Lottie Venn and Mr. Vibart in Mr. Charles Brookfield's play, "The New Régime."

The Oxford has a great "draw" in Miss Vesta Tilley, whose new impersonations—a curate and a school-boy—are delighting her numerous admirers.

The date selected for the Coliseum's next big production—the wordless play dealing with Joseph and his brethren—is September 25.

Thirteen outlying theatres presented melodrama last week, as against three which offered musical comedy and farce, so the serious drama is still well to the fore.

All the dramas are old, with the exception of "At Cripple Creek," at the Coronet.

A curious state of affairs exists among the St. Petersburg theatres just now. It seems that, at a local theatre there, a manager has had the temerity to produce "The Merchant of Venice." At this, the whole Jewish population of the city has taken offence and signified their disapproval by boycotting the theatre in question.

So serious an effect has this had upon the receipts, that the manager has taken off the piece and given his promise that, in future, he will refrain from producing any play in which Jews are presented as villains.

Miss Decima Moore, the well-known actress, was married on August 16th to Major Frederick Gordon Guggisberg, of the Royal Engineers, Sir A. Conan Doyle acting as best man. The happy couple are now spending their honeymoon in Switzerland.

The 19th of December is the date fixed for the opening of Mr. Sey-

mour Hicks's new theatre, the Aldwych, when a revival of "Blue Bell in Fairyland" will be presented by Mr. Charles Frohman. I understand that the piece will be thoroughly revised, practically rewritten, in fact. There will be four new scenes added, and, in the second act, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ballet will be introduced, thus making the piece a great deal longer than formerly. The cast will include Miss Ellaline Terris, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Fred Kaye, Bert Sinden, Stanley Brett, Maude Darrell, Barbara Deane, and Sidney Fairbrother.

The first of the Queen's Hall promenade concerts was given on Saturday night last, when Mr. Henry Wood's fine orchestra rendered a popular programme. Vocal solos were given by Miss Lillie Wormald, Mr. W. A. Peterkin, and Mr. Lloyd Chandos.

Rehearsals commenced last week of the new ballet divertissement with which the Empire is to re-open in October next. No title has been definitely settled upon yet, but it will probably be decided to call the new production "The Bugle-Call." Alterations are now very far forward, and the box-office will very likely open in about a fortnight's time for the booking of seats in advance.

Mr. Mouillot has engaged Mr. Charles Bertram, the well-known entertainer, who is especially clever with "card tricks." Mr. Bertram's entertainment will precede "What the Butler Saw" at Wyndham's Theatre at 8.20 each evening; in consequence, "What the Butler Saw" will be later in the programme—it will commence at ten minutes to nine. With all these new arrangements, "What the Butler Saw" has evidently come to stay.

Miss Deborah Volar, who so successfully succeeded Miss Isobel Jay as Veronique at the Apollo Theatre, is only twenty-one; she studied singing with Mr. H. J. Wood and Mr. Richard Temple. Miss Volar made her *début* two years ago as the Princess in "The Country Girl," at Daly's, and will continue to play Veronique till Messenger's charming work is withdrawn, in order to make room for Mr. Wentworth Croke's production of "The Gay Lord Vergy."

It has been decided to use the £2,000 profit made on the Sherborne pageant as a guarantee fund in order that Mr. Louis N. Parker's folk-play may be again produced next year. Mr. Parker is to receive gifts amounting to £100 in recognition of his services.

Miss Marie Hall, the great English violinist—who is at present touring the provinces—sails for New York on October 28th, she being under contract—at the highest salary ever paid to a lady violinist—to give sixty concerts throughout America and Canada, returning to England to play at the ballad concerts in April.

THE PROMPTER.



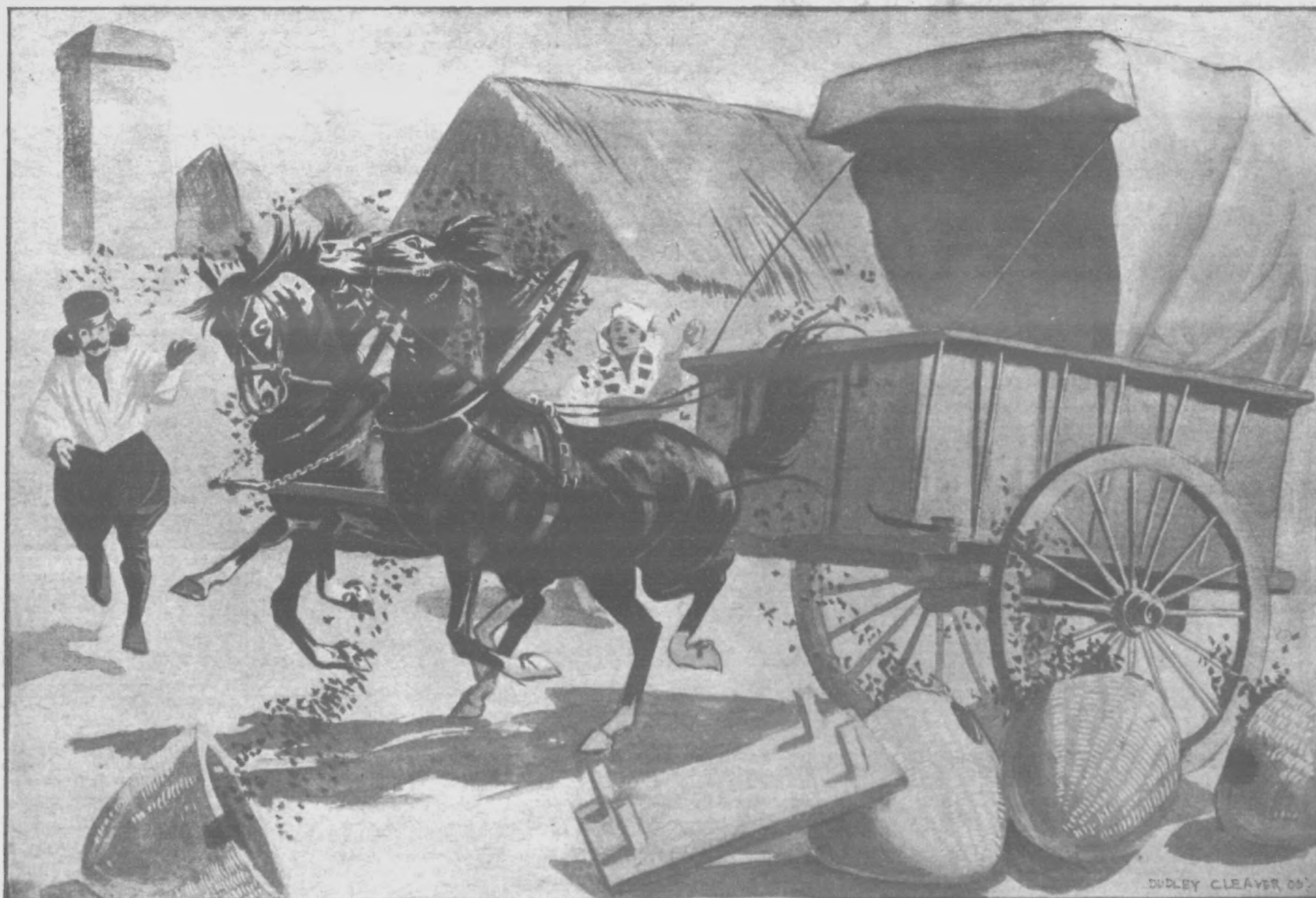
Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

"ENJOYING A HOLIDAY": Miss Gertie Millar, of the Gaiety Theatre, poses for her photograph in a pony cart.



SERVICE IN A CORN FIELD.

At Ranworth, in Norfolk, the vicar revived an old custom by conducting a service in a cornfield on the conclusion of harvest, to which all engaged in the ingathering and the parishioners were invited. A psalm was read, prayers offered, and two hymns sung, after which the vicar gave a short address. The whole harvest service lasted but a few minutes. The old custom of ringing the "gleaning bell" has again started at Irchester. This bell rings when the church clock strikes the hour of eight in the morning and six in the evening, and the custom is that no person may glean in the fields before the bell rings in the morning, and after it is rung in the evening.



BATTLE WITH BEES

A man, a woman, and two horses have been stung to death by bees at Pareng, a village close to Budapest. A farmer left his two-horsed cart in the courtyard of his farmhouse. The horses, annoyed by the sun, shifted to a shadier corner. In doing so they kicked over eight beehives. The bees swarmed out, and began a furious attack on the horses. The farmer and his wife rushed to the assistance of the animals, but were themselves attacked by the insects. Their cries brought the farm hands to the spot, but it was found impossible to drive away the bees, and at last the fire brigade was called out, and the hose was turned on. When the bees were driven away it was found that both the horses were dead. The farmer and his wife, terribly stung, were carried away to the infirmary, where they died the same evening from blood poisoning.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

SWEET are the uses of advertisement, and no one avails himself of them more unblushingly than John Chinaman when he happens to have a daughter whom he desires to see married. John goes to no needless expense, for he is a thrifty soul, so he does not advertise in print, but keeps his money in his pocket and does the whole thing himself.

He begins by informing the world that he has a daughter, and he does so by placing a jar on the roof of his house with its lower end towards the street. Thus the jar remains for some years, and then one fine day John Chinaman takes it and turns it with its mouth towards the street. This is to notify the fact that his daughter has arrived at a marriageable age, and that suitors may apply. After the girl's marriage the jar disappears altogether.

The desire to know things which do not concern one, and which are in themselves of no importance, is one which ought to be well kept in check, as it may develop into a perfect craze—a source of trouble to oneself and others.

Idle curiosity is certainly the proof of small-mindedness. One has only a certain amount of force, and if that which should be expended on studying and acquiring what is worth knowing is wasted on all sorts of frivolities, it stands to reason that one has neither time nor energy for better things.

People with a great liking for all sorts of petty information about their neighbours generally enjoy giving others the benefit of their gleanings, but, even if they do not add tattling to their other sins, their perpetual curiosity makes them very annoying.

Idle curiosity is very often the vice of the kind-hearted and sympathetic, and it makes them unpopular in spite of their many excellent qualities.

An instance of this is furnished by a certain amiable old lady living at a popular seaside place, who is the very embodiment of foolish curiosity. The most important day of the week to her is, perhaps, that on which the local paper is published, and the interest she takes in the visitors' list is quite amazing. It adds a joy to her walks, and when she takes her daily constitutional she will follow strangers to their hotels or lodgings, and then, on returning to her home, consult the visitors' list to discover their names. She, herself, lives in lodgings, and has the ground floor, a position which enables her to know all about the goings and comings of the other inhabitants of the house. How annoying that can be I know from personal experience, for it happened that I once spent some weeks under the same roof with this excellent lady.

Her sitting-room door was generally a little bit open, and I soon discovered that Miss Q. was almost always on the alert within to catch any chance fragment of conversation from members of our party whenever we passed. At last she had a really delightful time, for one of us became seriously ill, and the doctor's visits were frequent. The invalid's health and symptoms were inquired after whenever Miss Q. could manage to wailay any of us. How we used to rush past her door to escape her! But even the servants were stopped that she might see the meals, etc., being carried by them to the sickroom.

That this curiosity utterly blinded us for the time to the old lady's real kindness is hardly surprising, or that we, as speedily as possible, dropped her acquaintance.

Some clever people will fritter their brains and spoil their characters by indulgence in senseless curiosity, and this tendency in the young should be carefully repressed. If allowed to develop, it will produce in them a perpetual, insatiable craving for useless information, which will make them troublesome to their neighbours and restless and miserable themselves, for they will surely gain the reputation of busy bodies, and be disliked accordingly.



Photo, Lees, Kingston.

HISTORIC MANSION SOLD: Shaw House, Newbury, Berks, a famous Elizabethan mansion, has just been sold to the Hon. Mrs. Farquhar, of Grosvenor Square, with a portion of the estate, for £31,000. The mansion, built in 1581 by Sir Thomas Dolman, a wealthy clothier, was, during the battle of Newbury in 1644, the headquarters of Charles the First, who, while dressing at one of the principal bedrooms, was fired at by a Roundhead soldier, the bullet entering the wainscot. A brass plate underneath the bullet mark records this interesting fact. Ramparts used in defence of the mansion still remain.

THERE are so many women in these days who have to work for their living that some hints as to how to keep their good looks in spite of being confined in the close atmosphere of an office all day long ought to be acceptable.

Every woman thus situated should be careful to sleep in a well-ventilated room; in fact, it is an excellent thing to accustom children to sleep with the window open, if only an inch or two, even in cold weather.

This preserves a freshness of atmosphere which generally insures the sleeper waking up feeling fresh and bright.

Then, when your occupation is an indoor and sedentary one, it is wise either to take a walk in the evening or else to sit by an open window.

As for amusements in leisure hours let them be as far removed as possible from any resemblance to the work which occupies the daytime, and never talk "shop," as it is called. Society is good for everyone, and games, theatres, music, etc., are far more necessary for girls who follow some profession than they are to those well-provided for damsels who simply dawdle through life, and go in for amusements as a means of killing time.

Saw a piece of velvet at the back of the boot or shoe. This will prevent its slipping, and so save much wear and tear to the stockings.

To Save the Heels of Your Stockings.



Photo, Lallie Charles.

LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW, the wife of the distinguished General who has just resigned his command.

BEFORE grating the rind of a lemon, wash the fruit thoroughly in lukewarm water. The outside of a lemon is generally far from clean, and if put under a microscope the black spots in the peel will be found to be the eggs of an insect.

ARE good for plants. Save them for your windows-boxes and pot-flowers, and either mix them with the earth or lay them on the surface. They will prevent the soil drying so rapidly after watering as it would do without them.

Is a popular and simple savoury. Scald a small dried haddock and bake it in a buttered paper. Take about half a pound of the fish, freed from skin and bone, add to it one ounce of fresh butter and a little cayenne pepper. Chop all finely and heat gently. Have croûtons of fried bread, put on each cone-shaped piece of haddock. Scatter parsley over, make very hot and serve.

HEAT together a gill of cream, two tablespoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Stir so as to prevent burning. When hot, add one and a half cupfuls of flaked salmon, yolks of three eggs and the whites stirred in at the last moment before the mixture is placed in cups. Set the cups in a frying-pan half full of boiling water; cover all with buttered paper and steam for fifteen minutes or till set. Turn out and pour round some nice white sauce flavoured with a dash of lemon juice.

PEEL and core some apples, boil till tender, and press them through a sieve; then put them over the fire again for about three-quarters of an hour, with some syrup made from about one pound of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, and the juice of two oranges. Pour this into a mould and put it in a cold place to set; add a little gelatine to help the setting if you have it. When the mould is set, turn out. Pour round a sauce made of the syrup in which two or three tablespoonfuls of rum have been dissolved, and serve.

TAKE three pints of good stock, free from fat, put it into a clean stew-pan with the white of an egg beaten up in a little cold water, and, if you have it, a quarter of a pound of finely shredded lean beef. Beat with a whisk over the stove till the soup simmers, remove the whisk, boil up, then place the pot on the hob till the crust cracks. Then strain the soup through a thick linen cloth that has been rinsed in boiling water, return the soup to the pan to heat, add seasoning to taste and some previously boiled vegetables cut into strips. If wine be added, put it into the tureen and pour the boiling soup over.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Tearful Heroines Doomed.

Every student of contemporary fiction must be struck by the fact that, for some unexplained cause, weeping has undoubtedly gone out of fashion. —*South African Review*, Capetown.

Men of the Moment.

Milton was not the first to puzzle over the exact quality in certain men that makes them irresistibly attractive to woman. The type seems to vary with the year or the season, but always there is a craze for one particular man or type of man which infects the majority of the feminine sex at the same time. —*Boudoir*.

"Professional" Servants.

Why should not cooking rank as an expert trade or profession? It requires skill enough. It is of as vital importance as any other form of labour. Why should not men and women be trained to become expert in this and in the other innumerable household arts and encouraged to respect their work and themselves? —*Chicago Daily News*.

Girls and Bridge.

The worst part of the bridge craze is its effects on young girls. What chance is there of a girl ever developing a love of home when she has once drunk deep of the excitement of afternoons and evenings devoted to bridge, and the winning or losing of money? The feminine brain is not, as a rule, remarkable for its strength of balance; and its tendency to exaggeration, either in good or evil, is a well-known characteristic. —*Lady Colin Campbell in the Chronicle*.

The Art of Wearing a Veil.

Parisianes have a gift of arranging a veil that few women of other cities can imitate. They hang in exactly the right length and fullness, and are always neatly pinned to the hair at the back, and never get displaced. An Englishwoman is always pulling at her veil, one side or the other, after she has put it on as carefully as she knows how when she started from home. The secret, I think, lies in the free use of long pins—not hat-pins, nor hair-pins, but a steel pin, something more than two inches long, that milliners use so frequently. —*Gentlewoman*.

Servants and Families.

Perhaps one reason why servants in Pepys's time were treated as "one of the family" was that they very often were blood relations. The diarist himself, in fact, engaged his own sister, Pauline, as his servant, "which she promised me she could, and with many thanks did weep for joy." For all that, he would not "let her sit down at the table with me, which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me." Her temper, however, made the arrangement impossible, and Pepys had to engage somebody else instead, "it being a great trouble to me that I should have a sister of so ill a nature that I must be forced to spend money upon a stranger, when it might be better upon her, if she were good for anything." It is only within a century or so that servants have ceased to be relations of the family, and the term "menial" has come to be considered derogatory instead of meaning simply "within walls"—*intra mœnia*. In the old days, all women between twelve and forty, and all men between twelve and sixty, without means of subsistence, could be forced by two justices to go into domestic service. Hence the fact that when a man married his cook, as he often did, he was extremely likely to marry someone above him in station—as we understand distinctions of class nowadays. This also explains why a lady would refer to her maid as her "gentlewoman," and a master to his valet as his "gentleman." —*Daily Chronicle*.

RESULT OF THE "POST-CARD" COMPETITION.

The ten prizes of £1 each have been awarded to the following persons in this competition for the best four-lined verse, according to the stated conditions:

W. E. Burrows, Epworth, Doncaster.
J. Sylvester Smith, Inland Revenue, Pontardawe, Swansea.
John Mackay, 22, Queen Victoria Street, Connaught, Belfast.
Corporal W. E. Fisher, Army Pay Corps, Gibraltar.
E. Eyars, 20, Chatsworth Road, Broudbury, N.W.
G. M. Moore-Lane, 56, Sackville Gardens, Hove, Sussex.
Miss Tittler, Barwell Rectory, Hinckley.
W. F. Skeldon, 41, Bell Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
W. Hopkins, 52, Teriot Street, South Bromley, E.
John Wood, Ye Olde House, Royal Hill, Greenwich.



Photo, Thomson.

MISS MARY EMILY COPELAND, who was married to Sir Alexander Swettenham, Governor of Jamaica, last week.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Poachers' Cab.

Two miners of Castleford, who were fined £3 and costs for poaching, were found by a police inspector in a haunts cab, in which were ninety-four rabbits and two hares.

4,000 Prizes for Pigeons.

Mr. J. F. Loversidge, the most successful breeder in England of fantail pigeons, has died at Newark at the age of sixty-eight. In the course of his pigeon-breeding career he won between 3,000 and 4,000 prizes.

Blessing the Harvest.

A quaint custom has been revived at Ranworth, Norfolk, where the vicar conducted a service, which lasted about twelve minutes, in the harvest field. Hymns and Psalms were sung and prayers offered, and after a short address the service concluded with a blessing invoked upon the work of the harvest and those taking part in it.

Fatal Yew Leaves.

All the yew trees—which are said to be among the finest in the country—are to be removed from the grounds of the St. Andrew's Hospital Asylum at Northampton, as the result of the suicide of William King, an inmate. It was stated at the inquest that King had eaten the leaves of the yews, unseen by the other patients and warders. Some time ago the yews were removed for the same reason, from the part of the grounds where the dangerous patients take their exercise.

Danger in Fruit Baskets.

A medical man informs an *Express* representative that a great danger exists in relation to our fruit supply. Thousands of tons of fruit are poured into London from Kent, Surrey, and other counties, and, the doctor declares, the empty baskets are returned in vans, which, by way of ballast, take back to the farms loads of manure and other commodities. The fruit baskets to be used again almost immediately come in contact with the manure, and do not receive any antiseptic treatment, except an ordinary washing in water.

Propagation by Budding.

When budding as a means of propagation was first discovered it is impossible to say. The early English gardeners and nurserymen called it "inoculating," and the art was, well understood centuries ago. Probably, however, during the last fifty years the process has come to be more generally adopted than that of grafting as a means of propagating fruit trees. Trees must be budded as the stocks become fit. It is no use to try to do them all at once. An experienced budder will know the state of the stock at once, and will rarely make a mistake in trying to put in a bud when the young shoot is either not grown sufficiently or on which the bark will not rise on account of dryness at the root. The work of putting in rose buds must go on continuously throughout the season, as the state of the stock determines and as buds are obtainable.

A Promising Agriculturist.

John Thorn, a sturdy veteran, who is now in his eighty-ninth year, won the first prize for allotment culture at the Lane End (Bucks) Flower Show.

Owens a Million Butterflies.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., who has just spent three weeks at Caudebec, in France, near the Pyrenees, has brought home with him nearly 4,000 specimens of butterflies. Mr. Rothschild's museum at Tring contains a million mounted specimens of moths and butterflies.

Practical Athletic Training.

The sons of a score of wealthy men are working as farm hands in Massachusetts in the belief that the experience will round them into condition for their athletic contests in college. They receive the regulation farm labourers' wages of from £1 to £1 12s. per week, with board. Those best paid are compelled literally to rise with the lark and labour until the dew begins to fall.

British Cut Flowers.

A striking change is taking place in the market for cut flowers, and one which is all for the good of the British branch of the industry. The increase in the amount of these flowers which are sold at Covent Garden, to be distributed over a wide area, has been

Wasted Wealth of the Hedges.

"Waste not want not" is one of the guiding principles of the rural population of France, and by acting upon it in the humble occupation of harvesting the wild blackberry crop this year (more particularly in Brittany), they will realise several

What to do with Old Geraniums.

Do not throw away old geraniums. Take cuttings of them at the end of this month, putting them in small beds with a south aspect, with plenty of sand in the holes in which they are inserted. They will then strike well

Cows and the Yew.

While grazing in Blankney Park, Lincolnshire, recently, a herd of cattle broke into an adjoining plantation, and ate freely of yew. Nine of the animals have since died, and others are ill.

Mite that Ate £250,000.

Probably a quarter of a million sterling has been lost this year to the English growers of black currants by the depredations of a tiny insect, known to the Board of Agriculture as *Phytoptus ribis*, and to growers as the bud mite. All through the fruit plantations of Kent the mite, which can only be seen with a microscope, has been devouring the buds on the currant bushes, picking out the plants which are usually most prolific. One result has been to put money into the pockets of French and German growers, while English cultivators have lost £250,000, the value of 10,000 tons. Continental growers have sent more than the fruiters and jam-makers have required to supply the deficiency. There will, therefore, be no lack of black currant jam or that toothsome morsel black currant jelly this year. But the quality will not be the same. No foreign-grown fruit can approach the flavour and richness of the real English black currant.

Trapping Vermin.

Stoats can be destroyed by the following means:—(1) Place some 2-in. drain pipes in the fence, or wherever the vermin frequent; and at either end of the pipes lightly set a small run trap. This has been proved successful. Stoats naturally delight to run through small holes. (2) First make a kind of shed at each corner of the fowl-house, with bricks, stones, or pieces of board. The shed must be 18in. long, 6in. high, and not wider than the steel trap, which must not be too strong in spring. Insert a peg—pointed at top—at the back end of the shed, and on this peg hang fasten a rabbit's stomach or entrails. Set the trap not too near the bait, cover the trap lightly with old fog, and see that the top of the shed is covered with old sticks or stones. If rabbits' entrails are not obtainable, try a bloater's head. (3) Hang a bit of flesh or a dead chicken on a hedgerow or other suitable place, about a foot or 18in. from the ground, just so that the stoat will jump for it, and place a rat trap beneath it. Do not cover the trap at all, as stoats and weasels have no cunning, and will jump on a trap as readily as anything. Simply secure your trap so that the vermin will not drag it away, that is all. You will soon have them. Another plan is to get some large eight or ten-inch drain pipes, or nail four boards together, making a somewhat similar, though square, passage, and place the trap in that. Stoats like to run through such places. In choosing a local for your trap in either of these methods, it is a very good plan to select, if possible, a corner where four hedges meet, as these vermin usually work along the hedgerows, and by so doing you catch them whichever way they come. If you find they do not go through the box or drain-pipe, just place it close to the hedge stumps and fix on each side a wide board or sheet of galvanised iron to check their progress and turn them to the centre, when you will find they will run through and be snapped quite readily



Photo, Bunnell.

"BACK TO THE FARM": A pretty photograph of farm hands returning from their work in the fields.



Photo, Bunnell.

"IN THE FLOWER FIELDS OF ENGLAND": Men and women gathering the blossoms on a flower farm for Covent Garden.

enormous during the last decade, and for a time the foreign and Channel Island growers had by far the greater proportion of the business in their own hands. Recently, however, the British cultivator has been improving his share of the trade in a very striking manner.

thousand pounds, whereas in Yorkshire, where this year's crop is unusually abundant, hundreds of pounds' worth of that most luscious wild fruit will "go to rot"—all for the lack of the French system of organised collecting and marketing.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

before they are potted up for the winter, and much money will be saved when next bedding-out time comes.

£40 for a Buff Orpington.

A buff Orpington cockerel, bred by Mr. R. M. Gill, of Great Kingshill, has been sold for the extraordinary price of £40, the purchaser being one of the best-known fanciers of this variety in the north of England. This is a record price for a fowl bred in this county.

Starving Poultry.

An extraordinary case of cruelty was heard by the Fife magistrates yesterday, when John Sellars was charged with neglecting to feed a large quantity of fowls and ducks which he kept on one of his farms. Evidence was given that, though Sellars was informed that the birds were starving, he only allowed money enough for a quarter of the food that was necessary, and in consequence more than thirty fowls had died. The magistrates imposed a fine of 40s.

The Cornflower.

I am surprised that my North Yorkshire correspondent was obliged to send to me to settle a dispute as to the identity of the flower *Cyanus minor*. It is, of course, the cornflower, one of the most beautiful hardy annuals which is grown in our gardens. They are quite in the front rank of cut flowers—no bouquet is complete without them. The most popular sub-variety of all is the Emperor blue—blue cornflower—of which Carter's have so good a line. The purple, rose, and white varieties, although pretty in their way, are not nearly so common.



Photo, Park.

HOP PICKING IN KENT: The hop-picking season has now begun, and thousands of men, women, and children from the slums of London are now busy gathering in the crops.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

REUNION.

Steel was about to rush off and make the best of his way along the road and side streets to Lord Harden's town house when the surgeon detained him.

"Look here, my man," said the surgeon, "it seems to me that the enemy has got well past this place and that he won't come back. These are our men who are in the roadway now, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir," answered Steel, "as far as you can see. I'll just swarm up this pillar and have a look." He struggled to the top of an iron pillar which stood forlornly up out of the wreckage of the building, and, leaning over the flat top of it, he was able to get a view east and west of the great thoroughfare. For a few moments he almost lost sight of the purpose of his survey, overwhelmed as he was by the fascination of the spectacle.

The entire roadway and the pavement were crowded with troops in motion. Those who were nearest to him were British soldiers of various regiments and they were hurrying westward to be in at the final act of vengeance. Away in the distance, ahead of them, were other seething masses, and the cries and sounds which came from that direction indicated that a furious fight was raging.

Steel slid to the floor of what had been a prosperous place of business and rejoined the surgeon. "I'm disposed to take back what I said about gettin' clear o' this place," he said, "because, once you're in that crowd, you'll have to keep to it. Besides, there's no question about it, it would be more than human nature could stand not to go on with it an' be in at the polishin' off, so to speak."

He abruptly checked his speech, for Grenville, who had recovered consciousness, was looking up and about him in a dazed fashion. His glance rested on Steel, and that honest and tender-hearted warrior, overcome with emotion, knelt down and took up one of Grenville's hands, very gently, in token of silent sympathy.

The surgeon was puzzled. Here was a man who, according to his diagnosis, ought to be well on towards his end, and yet he seemed to be recovering in the most amazing manner.

"Hello, Pills!" exclaimed Grenville, somewhat feebly.

"Sh!" commanded the surgeon. "Keep perfectly quiet—or I won't answer for the consequences. You, Steel, stand aside for a minute, because I'm afraid you're a disturbing element."

"Come," continued Grenville. "Let's know the worst. Am I going to peg out?" He made signs as if he would rise.

"For Heaven's sake," pleaded the surgeon, "don't do that—it's as much as your life is worth!"

But Grenville was already in a sitting posture; then, before the surgeon could interfere to stop him, he had made a signal to Steel, and the soldier had obeyed and was helping the officer to rise.

"I have known men die through less exertion when they have been wounded like this!" declared the surgeon.

"Size it up for me," said Grenville: "only talk English, and not medical language. Where am I damaged?"

"In the region of the heart," replied the surgeon, anxiously.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Grenville, with something very much like a laugh.

"But you have not been missed," asserted the doctor. "Your wound is just here." He touched the spot which was still wet and left a red mark on the finger.

"If you'd asked me," said Grenville, "I should have said I was more damaged on the cranium than the heart. This is where I feel queer." He turned his head and pointed to the right side of it. "Somehow the world seemed to jump up and hit me. Then, as they say in stories, all was a blank, and I knew no more."

"This is astonishing!" declared the surgeon, after a hasty examination. "I was too full of your heart trouble to notice anything else. I never saw the scalp wound—and yet you were struck on the head by a wandering bullet and stunned."



Photo, Bannett.

A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF A FLOCK OF SHEEP IN DEVONSHIRE.



Photo, Park.

THE LATEST THING IN ORCHIDS: At the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster last week, the gem of the orchids was a beautiful bloom sent by Major G. L. Halford, of Westonbirt, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, who is one of the equerries to King Edward. It was a *Laelia Cattleya Bertha Fournier*, Westonbirt variety, larger and better balanced than the type, and was regarded as one of the finest hybrids ever seen. It gained a first-class certificate from the Orchid Committee.



From a Snapshot.

"FRESH AIR AND FUN": Children from the London slums being given an outing in the country on motor-cars under the auspices of the Fresh Air Fund.

"That's the size of it!" commented Steel cheerily. "I've seen some fair old knock-outs in the way of escapes from bullets, an' I remember the case of a man who had just such a squeak as this. A bullet came an' grazed the side of his head, an' ploughed a strip through the hair just like a little path in a green field, if you understand. The place is cured now, but the chap was so near being a gonner, as we thought 'at we fixed on where we should put him away."

"Well," laughed Grenville, "the boneyard isn't going to claim me yet awhile, I can tell everybody that. I'm beginning to feel as fit as a fiddle, bar a nasty pain in the head which will soon go, and this pretty uncomfortable sensation in the region of the sternum, don't you call it?"

"It isn't there so much as just a trifle further to the left that I'm concerned with," answered the surgeon. "Just let me have a closer look, please."

He unceremoniously unbuttoned Grenville's coat at the breast and with somewhat nervous fingers exposed the chest.

"Well?" asked Grenville. "Not much wrong there, is there?"

Only this," replied the surgeon. He produced a curiously flattened bullet and held it up for Grenville's inspection.

"So that's the thing that worried you?" asked the captain.

"Yes," admitted the surgeon. "But that was only natural, because I thought you had it inside you, and not merely flattened against the sternum. There again you have had a merciful and wonderful escape. Just a shade more to port, so to speak, and I would defy all the doctors in the world to pull you round."

"I'll keep this as a treasure," said Grenville, pocketing the disc. "It's a sort of dum-dum bullet—and I can't reckon it up. It isn't playing the game—but I suppose one doesn't expect it from an enemy like this."

"They do say, sir," observed Steel, "that they've been most desperately put to it for ammunition, an' that they've been making their own in the most astonishin' fashion, an' out of all sorts of unexpected things."

"Well, I know nothing about that," said Grenville. "I only know that I'm here, and not much the worse for wear, and I'm very thankful for it, too, I can tell you. I say, Pills, I really think that if I could get something comforting to drink I should be able to fall in again."

"You can do nothing of the sort," almost snapped the surgeon, "so don't think it!"

"But I say yes!" insisted Grenville. "I ought to know my own feelings best."

"You can do as you like," growled the surgeon; "but I honestly don't think you justified in running any risk."

"Risk! Bah!" said Grenville, good humouredly. "See how I can walk and march and fight again, even without anything to eat or drink!"

He pulled himself together and dashed into the street, and joined the surging mass of fighting men who were hurrying westward towards the quarter from which the sounds of strife proceeded.

"They're having a final dust in the Park!" declared Grenville.

"Not more than a very few hundred yards from your own home, sir, eh?" said Steel, who kept very near him. The surgeon had disappeared, having become mixed up

with a body of men who had been ordered into one of the side streets to clear it of a handful of the retreating enemy, who had vainly sought refuge by hiding in it.

"Scarcely my home," corrected Grenville, "but still, near enough. If I followed my own most secret wish I should just run in and say, 'How d'ye do?' and run out again into the Park and the general hell of it! There are times when I can't believe that this appalling business is real—and this is one of them! By heaven, I don't believe it is real either! I believe I'm drunk, or dreaming, or both; and that this picture of Oxford Street swarming with fighting men, and the buildings all in ruins, with people buried under them, is a wild nightmare!"

"Look here, sir," said Steel, with firm sympathy. "You're a sight worse hurt nor you think. Your brain's got a bit upset, an' you're no more fit to go on marchin' an' sufferin' an' fightin' nor you are to steer a ship."

"Steer a ship! I could steer a steeple!" laughed Grenville, but it was such a wild, odd laugh that Steel could not have recognised it as Grenville's, and a look came into the captain's face, too, which he had never seen before. "Except," he murmured, "except on the face of that chap Symes, who went barmy, an' ran amuck in Cape Town."

"Look here, sir," he said suddenly and boldly. "I'm goin' to make a proposal, an' it's this—I'll take your arm an' lead you to where your good lady is. She's waiting for you—an' as for waitin', why, hasn't she been waitin' ever since you said good-bye?"

"Lord, yes!" exclaimed Grenville. "But that's years and years ago, isn't it?"

"It seems so, sir," answered Steel. "An' it's only a matter of days!" he muttered to himself. "Now come, sir." He took Grenville's arm and led him away from the surge into a silent side street and along other streets which were like abodes of the dead; and by various routes he piloted him to the square in which Lord Harden's house was situated, and up to the very door of the residence.

"Now, sir," he said, almost joyfully. "Now, sir, if you was asked where you are, what would you say?"

"Say!" replied Grenville. "I'd say I don't know what the devil you're talking about! I never saw this place before! And as for you who gabble so much—who are you?"

"I'm Steel, sir—John Steel, Private John Steel, if you like! the soldier almost stammered, stunned by this unexpected development. "But you're talking mighty strange, sir. I've never known you like this before!"

"True, my good fellow," answered Grenville, "true, because you've never known me before at all! I have never seen you, and I have never been here. Is that clear enough?"

"Yes, sir," said Steel, in a low voice, for the truth had suddenly burst upon him and revealed the real nature of Grenville's injury—which was a total temporary loss of memory. "But I think," he told himself with something like cheerfulness, "I think I know a very quick

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKER'S SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKER'S large Bottles every-where.

cure for that—an' it isn't very far off, neither!"

He rang the bell as gently as possible, then rang again, and rang a third time—each ring being longer and louder than its predecessor; after which he knocked on the door, and at the end of these signals, which he made by prearrangement when visiting the house, the door was softly opened just a little, and a voice demanded to know who was there.

"It's me, ma'am, John Steel," whispered the visitor.

"Yes, yes," was the eager answer. "And you bring news?"

"More than news, ma'am," said Steel.

As he spoke he looked at his companion and his heart sank, for Grenville gave no sign of recognition whatever when he heard the voice. There was still that strange look on his hard, bronzed face—a face which was now fully bearded and moustached.

The door was opened wide, and Grenville was confronted by his bride. For several moments she stood there statuesquely immovable, and he remained as if immobile, regarding her.

Then with a cry, but a very low cry of gladness she stretched forth her arms, muttering incoherently.

Still Grenville did not respond.

"Look here, ma'am," interposed John Steel, earnestly whispering into the bride's ear. "The fact is, he's hurt more or less, an' he's lost his memory. But it'll come back—I give you my word it will. I've seen this sort of thing happen afore. It'll come back; if it doesn't—but you see it's comin' already!"

As he spoke Grenville stepped forward, with outstretched arms also, and the two were locked in each other's embrace.

"But why are you sobbing?" asked Grenville, releasing himself.

"Only because—because you have been so long away, so long in coming back!" she answered incoherently.

The puzzled look came into his eyes again. "Yes," he said slowly, "I can't reckon things up. All I remember is that we were standing on the pavement together, and that an enormous crowd came up. Then I missed you; but it can't have been for very long, because the crowd is still there, and it is not many minutes since I was standing on the very spot where we

were standing after we left the—

"Registrar's!" whispered Steel, in an agony of mingled nervousness and horror and pity. "That's the word you're wantin', sir. Now, sir, just step inside. There."

He helped Grenville into the hall, and then released his hold of the officer's arm. "I give you my word," he repeated to the bride, "that it isn't serious. The doctor's had him in hand an' there's nothing fatal—I mean vital, in his wounds. It's a nurse he wants—an' beggin' your pardon, ma'am, if you can't nurse him back to what you might call righteousness, well—I give it up. An' as for this other business—this scrappin'—well, make your mind easy on that point, too; for we're just knockin' the last spots off 'em! Now I must go, for I'm bound to be in at the finish of this business!"

He picked up his rifle, which he had placed in the corner by the door and hurried back into the open air. "Give me fightin' afore that sort of thing!" he muttered—"an' fightin' against long odds, too! You do know what bullets an' bay'nits an' things o' that sort are; but you come a mucker when you try to size up a man 'at's gone off his nut, even if it's only temporary. An' yet I don't know—it's a sight better to be looked after by a beauty like her nor it is to be skewered in the Park—or anywhere else, for that matter!"

THE LAST STAND IN THE PARK.

While John Steel rejoined the conquering British troops in Hyde Park, to which open space they had by this time made their way, Captain Richard Grenville was treated with jealous tenderness by the bride to whom he had been reunited in such an unexpected way.

In that hour of supreme joy she had no ears for the sounds of battle which came from the direction of Hyde Park; and her eyes saw nothing but the figure of her husband. Even in her terror lest his injuries should prove more dangerous than John Steel had led her to believe she could not fail to note the difference in the looks of her beloved.

When he had been torn away from her at the very threshold of the altar

he was a typical, fresh, alert, almost careless young British naval officer; now that he had come back to her he seemed the very deification of a fighting human being. In those few days of desperate warfare he appeared to have aged by years and she noticed with a peculiar thrill that amongst the mass of thick, black hair there were tiny silver threads. The face seemed even stronger than before—and it was surely harder and more resolute. There was, she thought, a shrinking of the body; she was sure of it, and indeed, she asked herself, how could it be otherwise? How he had suffered! What had he not gone through? Who knew that better than she did, through spoken reports and newspaper stories? And who was more fiercely proud of his achievements? Day and night, without ceasing, during his absence she had worried because of his danger; and yet, now that he was safely back again, she would not have had it otherwise. Then he was his country's—now he was hers and hers alone—and she exulted in the sole possession of him as she flitted noiselessly about a shady room in which he lay stretched in comfort, ministering to every possible and not a few impossible requirements.

Grenville, utterly exhausted by the long and telling work which had been given to him to do, and which he had done so well, had fallen into an untroubled sleep before Steel reached the Park in which the remnants of two armies were engaged in a final struggle.

From the East End in which they had been signally defeated the invaders made a sudden move towards the West, with some vague purpose of meeting and co-operating with a fresh force which was understood to have marched within striking distance of the capital. The great route between East and West was open to them, and the retreat began in more or less orderly fashion. It continued until the Park was reached, and then, impelled by a desire to seek the shelter of trees and to spread themselves out on an open space, many of the retiring troops rushed in, and, scattering themselves on the grass, defied all efforts to reduce them to order or restore them to the ranks. Some indeed, turned furiously upon their officers and destroyed them. But the bulk of the invaders held resolutely to the high broad road,



Photo, Park.

CHURCH AS A STEAM LAUNDRY: The Wesleyan Church at Torquay has been turned into a steam laundry.

maintaining something like order and preserving a semblance at least of discipline; but the alarm was raised that a strong force of British cavalry was advancing to check their retreat and fall upon them with the sword, and instantly the orderly retreat became a wild confused rout. A rush en masse was made for the park, and the railings which still remained standing after the days of anarchy and devastation were hurled down so that a passage of the soldiers into the open spaces should not be checked or hindered in any way. There were those, however, who recognised in these fallen masses of ironwork and masonry a means of temporary salvation, and, encouraged and guided by a few officers who still appeared to be unaffected by their nation's heavy losses, a rampart or chevaux-de-frise was thrown across the roadway and that part of the Park towards which the cavalry must advance.

The defence was hastily and imperfectly made, but when the cavalry advanced it was found that the obstruction enabled some of the invaders to inflict a heavy loss on their opponents. The horses became entangled in the debris, and as they struggled they and their riders were shot or bayoneted, while in a few instances men who were maddened by the knowledge that they were fighting to the very death, seized

the troopers' swords and with them killed the troopers themselves.

But nothing could resist the onslaught of the cavalry. Riskless of loss, they drove the invader clear of his defences, scattered him in the open, and charged in and amongst him, destroying him where he appeared resolute, and compelling him by flight to encounter the steel of British infantry.

That savage struggle continued and developed until the whole area of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens was a reeking battlefield. There was neither strategy nor tactics; it was a simple matter of close-range firing and hand-to-hand fighting for the purpose of securing mastery. The fair surface of the Park and Gardens was dotted with the fallen and the Serpentine became a lake of blood.

This encounter in the Park was to prove the most sanguinary and terrible of all the fights in London, and, indeed, in England. Never before since the raid originated was there such a gathering of opposing troops in so confined a space; never had the firing been so fierce and furious, nor had the bayonet encounters been so savage.

Prodigies of personal valour became so common that they were accepted as matters of fact; and the men on both sides settled down to human slaughter as if it were a trade.

(To be continued.)

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"ANTIPON" IS NOW THE RECOGNISED STANDARD REMEDY FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF OBESITY.

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Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases health and vitality.

LADY'S PICTORIAL
To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat absorbent 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely and with permanent effect.

The Sketch
This most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure.

Methodist Recorder
It is satisfactory to know that the new cure 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches & discoveries so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy.

THE YOUNG LADIES JOURNAL
We unhesitatingly commend to the notice of our stout friends the marvellous specific 'Antipon', giving back elasticity & grace of movement.

Bristol Daily Mercury
Antipon is a remedy in itself and needs no assistance. It will do the necessary reductive work pleasantly & effectually. The cure is permanent.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS
Antipon has a tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier & stronger.

WELDON'S Ladies' Journal
Readers troubled with embonpoint will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER
In 'Antipon' the great permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery.

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It will prove a lasting blessing to thousands.

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Colonial readers of the "Penny Illustrated Paper" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Store.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

Edward, King of England, is a memorable name in the history of France. Whilst the credit for the close friendship which exists between the two nations at the present day is due to Edward VII., it is interesting to remember that, exactly six hundred and fifty-nine years ago to-day (26th August), his ancestor, Edward III., was fighting the French at the battle of Cressy.

Even in those days, Englishmen were used to fighting against heavy



Photo, Advance.

Youthful Heroine: Little Yvonne Leonard, the seven-year-old daughter of Colonel Wilbye Leonard, who displayed remarkable pluck in saving a drowning boy in the Colne, near Watford.

odds. Our army consisted of only 30,000 men, whilst Philip of France led 120,000 warriors to the battle. But the French army was defeated with terrible loss, for, besides the Count D'Alençon, the Kings of Bohemia and Majorca, several Dukes, Counts, and 1,200 Knights, there were no fewer than 30,000 soldiers slain. The English lost so few that the numbers have never been officially stated. Amongst eighty standards which were captured from the enemy was the King of Bohemia's banner with the motto "Ich Dien," now adopted by our own Prince of Wales.

The papers seem very down on the women just now. While one big daily has been throwing open its columns to a discussion of the problem of "Thriftless Wives," the readers of another journal have been asking the question, "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?"

I should say myself that it depends a lot on the girl. But it is worth noting that nearly all the great men in the world's history have been married men themselves, and firm believers in matrimony as a factor of success. Two notable exceptions are Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great

painter, and, at the present time, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

Sir Joshua Reynolds believed that any man could be almost anything he liked by dint of hard work and perseverance, but he was very much down on married men. He believed that wives were a hindrance. Ann Flaxman, the plucky little wife of the famous sculptor, proved to him that, in one case, at any rate, his idea was wrong. As it is more or less of a holiday story, being connected with a visit to Rome, I will tell you how she did it.

But first I must go back a little way. Flaxman was the son of a humble seller of plaster casts in Covent Garden. When a child, he was such an invalid that he used to sit in the shop, propped up by pillows, drawing and reading. He was well in his teens before he could walk without crutches. But he had the right stuff in him, and, at fifteen, after some years of hard work and considerable failure, he was a promising pupil of the Royal Academy, gaining the silver medal in his first year.

At twenty-seven, when he left home to marry Ann Denny, he was still a struggling artist, unknown to fame. He took a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho. When Sir Joshua Reynolds met him shortly afterwards, he said, "So, Flaxman, I am told that you are married; if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist."

Flaxman went home and told his wife. He also repeated a favourite idea of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the works of the old masters at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I could be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be," replied his wife, "and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary." "But how?" asked Flaxman.

"Work and economise," said his wife.

The sequel is that, in five years, they had enough money and went off to Rome together. Flaxman became famous and prosperous, and was eventually elected Professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy. His famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield stands to-day in the north transept of Westminster Abbey.

I doubt whether he could have done half as much if it had not been for the help and encouragement he received from his wife.

From letters sent to me it seems as if I had specially pleased a large number of readers the other week with the anecdotes I gave of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Humphrey Davy. The motto with which I concluded my notes seems to have ap-

pealed so strongly to so many of you that I have a mind to print one nearly every week.

It will interest me to look these mottoes up every week, and I hope it will interest you to read them. Perhaps you may even send me one yourself, from time to time, which you have read somewhere, and which has stuck in your memory.

I told you last week of what Sir Humphrey Davy, the great professor of chemistry, wrote in his notebook when he was a poor chemist's boy of twenty. This week I will give you a more modern motto. It is a fine one from Kipling's "Seven Seas."

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half won for an instant dote of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

O these doctors! What with the income tax, and the alien peril, and



Photo, Advance.

A Brave Girl: Miss Minnie Read, of Walthamstow, who stopped a burglar last week. She was passing a house when the man came out with his "swag." Miss Read caught hold of the burglar, but he threw her down. He was eventually captured by Miss Read's young man.

the state of the army, we have quite enough to worry us as it is, without having the medical men trying to frighten us into blue fits while we are on our holidays.

We are forbidden to borrow books from a lending library, to eat oysters, or even the succulent shrimp, and we must not let the children play on the sands in the sun, or they will certainly get the "beach fever," even if they do not contract some more dangerous and infectious disease.

For several years now I have been carefully collecting a list of the things which the doctors say we mustn't do. These are some of the things which have been condemned:—

Fish, meat, tomatoes, sugar, cheese, lobsters, oatmeal, tea, coffee, pastry, jam, strawberries, white bread, water, mushrooms, all tinned foods, all wines, beers, and spirits, mineral water bottles with red-rubber bands.

Perhaps it is as well that we should be cautioned to avoid excess or carelessness in our eating and drinking. There is no doubt that many of us drink more alcohol, or tea, or coffee, and smoke more tobacco than is good for us. But the professors should not frighten us too much.

The most deadly microbe of the whole lot, and the only one the doctors have forgotten to mention, is the *microbe of fear*. Germs kill more people than war, but fear kills more than either of them.

VALENTIA STEER.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 3d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

Replies in Brief.

JURYMAN.—It is recorded that trials by juries were first introduced into this country during the Saxon Heptarchy.

"THE TYKE."—We have made the inquiries mentioned, and have written to the dealer. You will, no doubt, hear from him.

M. J. P. (Manchester).—The Japanese are a progressive race, and are extremely artistic. They excel in arts and manufactures requiring skill and taste. The capital of Japan is Tokio, and Yokohama is one of the chief ports. About four-fifths of the people depend upon agriculture.

EYESIGHT.—You would have to undergo an eyesight test. Colour blindness is believed to prevail in 4 or 5 per cent. of the males of the principal European countries. The most common form of colour blindness consists in the inability to distinguish between green and various shades of grey and red.

M. R. D.—The fixing of the happy day of marriage is generally regarded as one of the privileges of the lady herself, and she may choose any day in the year she likes. This has not always been so, however, for the choice was once restricted to certain seasons. The number of bridesmaids varies from two to twelve. She should invite some of your friends to the wedding. I will be pleased to send you any further information you want to know by post if you write again to me.

MAJINER (Queensdown).—No; Board of Trade inquiries into maritime disasters and Local Marine Board inquiries into the misconduct of ships' officers at sea cannot result in sending to gaol any persons concerned, but the court may withdraw or suspend the certificates of masters or officers for a period of three, six, or twelve months, or longer, as the case may be, and thus stop them from obtaining a berth in their respective capacities for such periods. As the steamer you mention belongs to Liverpool, the Local Marine Board inquiry would be held there. The local Stipendiary magistrate generally presides, and the Board of Trade prosecuting solicitor is Mr. J. Paxton. You should engage a solicitor if you can, and he will state your defence and call witnesses in your favour. Reporters are always admitted to these investigations, and an official shorthand writer is engaged to take a note of all Board of Trade inquiries.

"B. A."—An Oxford or Cambridge graduate who has obtained a first class, or who is a "Blue," may reckon on starting as a schoolmaster on £100 or £120 a year. A less brilliant degree will command £60 to £80; a man without a degree may earn about £30. It is the temptation offered by a salary, which compares favourably with the initial earnings in "business," that attracts so many young men, who, having been given a University education, fall short of a fellowship or a first division clerkship in the Civil Service. Yet the comparison with a commercial career is misleading. It must be remembered that the special training which a schoolmaster undergoes necessitates three or four years at a university—Oxford or Cambridge for preference—at a cost of from £200 to £300 a year (unless the student has gained a scholarship). This is equivalent to a total expenditure of from £600 to £1,200, which invested in a commercial enterprise would be likely to produce in a few years a considerably larger income than £100 a year. Moreover, unless the assistant master is able to invest another £1,000 or £2,000 in the purchase of a partnership, his last state is likely to be worse than his first. The "£100 resident" may temporarily rise to £150 (in the whole kingdom there are perhaps a dozen masters at preparatory schools in receipt of more than £200), and another two dozen or so receiving as much; but, like the unskilled labourer, his market value decreases as he grows older, and when he can no longer play football and cricket with his charges he is considered past his work.

VICTIM.—We do not know the firm you refer to. I do not like the circular you enclose, and personally would not invest.

POLITICAL READER.—The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., assumed the leadership of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons in 1892, and succeeded the late Lord Salisbury in the Premiership in 1902. He is wealthy, and a bachelor. He established his reputation as Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1887-1891.

BRIDEGRROOM.—A special licence would cost you about £30, and an ordinary licence about 50s. If not married by licence, it is necessary to arrange to have the banns announced in some church in the two towns you mention, and this must be done on three consecutive Sundays. No minister is required for a marriage before a registrar.

DISTRESSED.—From what you say I don't see any cause for alarm whatever. Keep your mind fully occupied. Start a hobby, such as gardening, music, cycling, or anything, and mix with friends as much as possible. Get plenty of out-door exercise, and have a cold bath every morning if you think you can bear it. Write to me again in a few weeks.

S. H. F.—To obliterate tattoo marks you might try a solution of tannic acid, prick it well into the old marks, wipe off the first blood, and then touch the pricked surface with nitrate of silver, taking care not to go outside the first pricked surface. Afterwards dust the skin with tannic acid. A scab will probably form where this treatment has been carried out.

J. S. (Harrow).—Yes, the Tsar is very well guarded indeed. In his favourite Palace of Gatchino a subterranean passage leads from his bedroom to the stables, where a number of horses are kept saddled and bridled day and night. Sentinels are posted at intervals of twenty yards all round the building. The Imperial bedroom, which has two windows protected at night by massive iron shutters, can only be reached from the outside by passing through three spacious ante-chambers, in which are posted eighty Cossacks armed to the teeth. They are allowed to speak and move about in the two outer rooms, but in the hall adjoining the Tsar's bedroom perfect silence is maintained all night. The general on service for the day sits in an easy chair, his Cossacks on a divan, which runs round the whole room. At the general's right hand is the push of an electric apparatus, which rings a bell in every guard-house within the Palace grounds. When the Emperor is about to retire to rest, before shutting his door he removes the outer handle, so that no entrance can be effected till he himself personally opens the door from the inside.

Mrs. H. J. S.—It is difficult to give you and very profitable advice in regard to preparing yourself for a literary career without knowing what your talent is, how much or how little training you have had, and what line of work you would like to take up—whether you prefer fiction, scientific work, articles of general interest, or journalism. You know nearly all people nowadays, writers as well as lawyers or physicians, have developed a tendency toward specialising. Almost every writer who wishes to achieve any distinction in his work applies himself to some particular line, just as one painter does landscapes, another portraits, and a third animals; not that their talent is limited, but that quicker recognition is won, and better remuneration in the narrower sphere. However, whatever line of writing you wish to do, it is a safe plan to devote much time to the intelligent reading of good literature, of the best magazine articles, short stories, travels, written in a modern breezy fashion, and particularly anything bearing on the line you wish to do. If you want to succeed, also make a point of studying what is meant by "good English," of expressing whatever you have to say simply, concisely, and clearly. If you have any definite questions you wish to ask me in regard to the technique of writing, the putting of a MS. before editors in good shape, I will be glad to give you any practical hints I can.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

Below you will find the tenth set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the

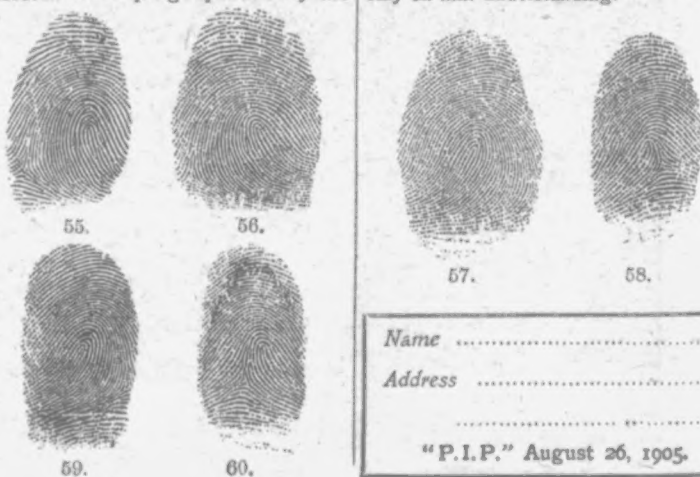
largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.



Photo, Cartwright.

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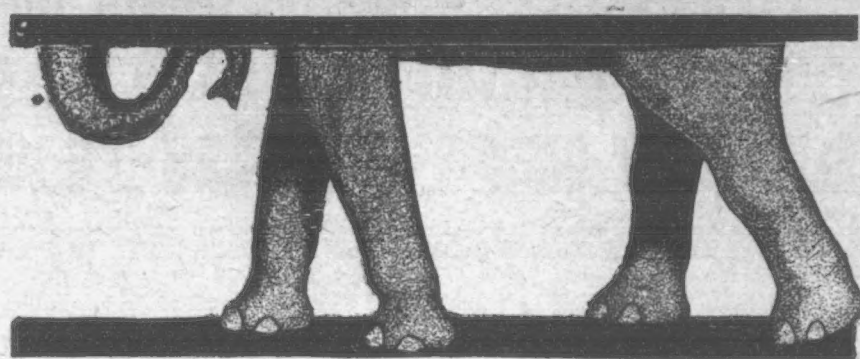
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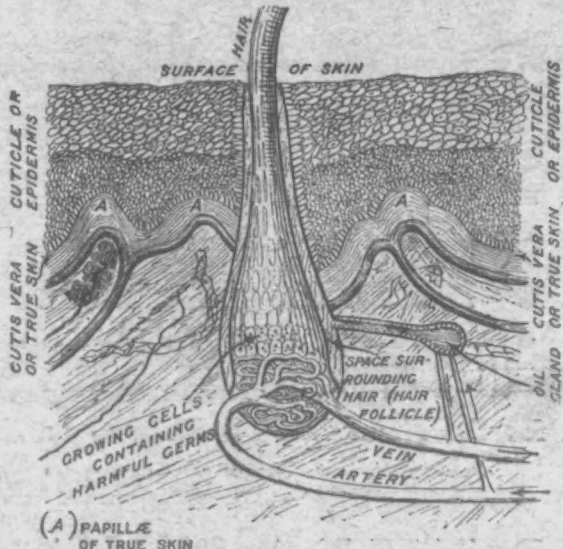
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Sir,—I am very pleased to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from taking Capsuloids. I have been taking them for some months, and I am much better in health, and my hair is not like the same. I have quite three times as much as I had six months ago, and it also looks so nice and bright.
I shall only be too pleased to recommend Capsuloids to my friends, as the growth of my hair is remarkable.
Thanking you very much,
I am, truly yours,
(Miss) BELLE DE ROUSHMOUNT.



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Through taking Capsuloids I have derived great benefit, not only to my hair, but to my health in general. As I have been abroad a number of years, and also on active service, I consider Capsuloids a splendid medicine when one's system is fairly run down from the terrible hardships of field service.
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You are at liberty to make what use you like of this statement.
Believe me to remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,
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You can only kill those germs by quickly making millions of new red blood corpuscles, and the only medicine which will make them rapidly enough is Capsuloids. A look at this scientific picture will enable you to realise that external treatment cannot possibly benefit the hair. Take two Capsuloids with each meal three times daily.

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